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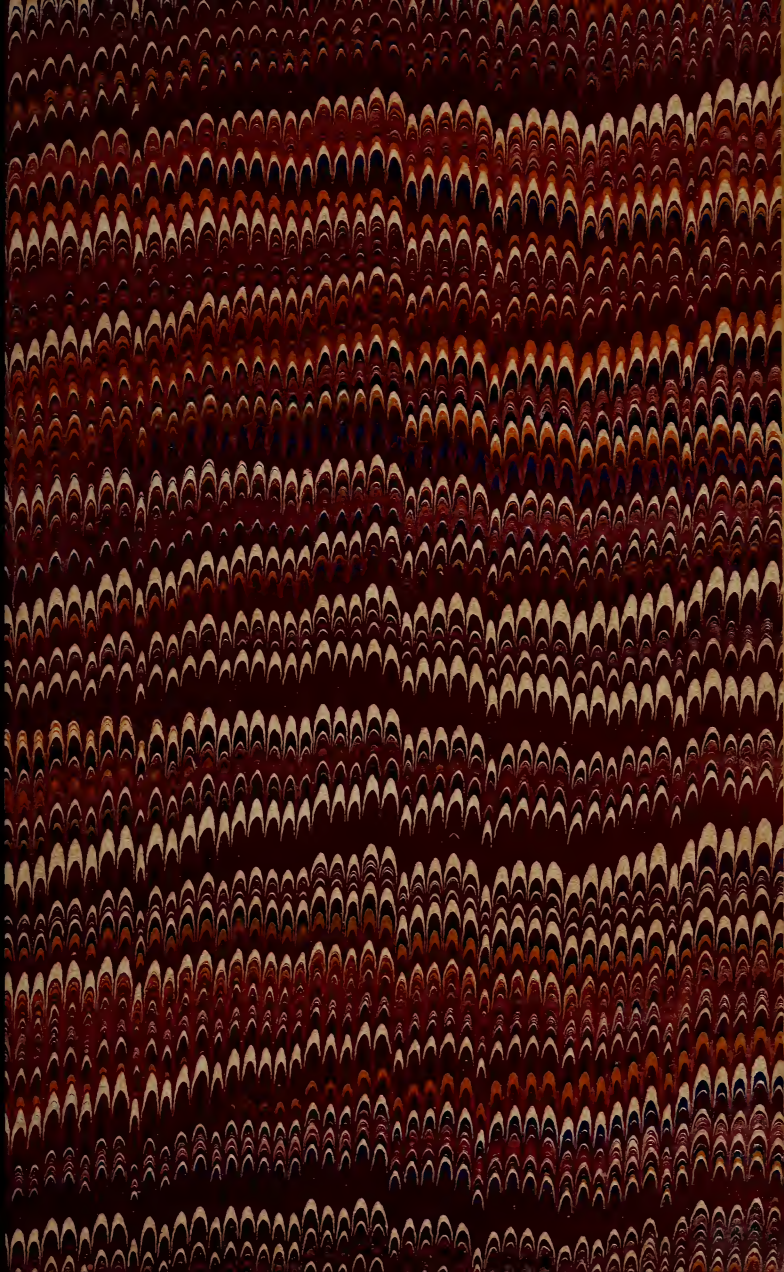

MAY FLOWERS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

MAY FLOWERS.

POEMS AND SONGS:

SOME IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

JOHN IMLAH.

LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXXVII

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J. WYNESS, PRINTER, LITTLE TOWER STREET, CITY.

TO

PETER IMLAH,

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,

AND

ALEXANDER IMLAH,

ST. JAMES'S, JAMAICA;

THIS VOLUME OF POEMS AND SONGS,

IS AN

AFFECTIONATE OFFERING FROM THEIR BROTHER,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THERE is nothing so very novel in the character of the contents of the following pages, or in the act of giving them publicity, as to require any particular explanation; and if respect for the judgment of others had not interfered with the inclination of the writer, he would have preferred, however unusual the circumstance, that his maiden publication had stolen into the world without one word of prefatory introduction.

The author hopes it will not be understood that he would have acted so from an overweening confidence that his little volume stood in need of no apology for its appearance, but from a consciousness that, if there is nothing in the

Poems themselves to recommend them to public favour, all he can say in a preface will not effect that "consummation so devoutly to be wished," or save them from condemnation and oblivion.

Neither would he wish it to be believed that he is indifferent as to the fate of his humble work. Though a great many of the pieces have already anonymously appeared in various periodicals of the day, yet now that he attaches his name to them, it is with many fears, and, for the sake of consistency he must add, not unmingled with a few hopes, that they are again presented in company with others to the eye of criticism and common observation.

The themes he has chosen are by no means new—they have been handled by hundreds; and with as varied skill. He has, perhaps, adopted the *amor patriæ* rather frequently, but he trusts not in the narrow spirit of nationality. And he regrets for the sake of

some friends who would have wished it, that his book contains no principal poem, but a mere collection of Songs and Stanzas. From professional avocations, time has never been so abundant with him as to encourage attempts at any thing of a more lofty and lengthened cast, and he very much fears that on trial, a more necessary material would be found wanting—talent.

What he now offers to the ordeal of public examination, he terms the May Flowers of his lowly poetic *parterre;* and he disclaims all thought and feeling of vanity in having assumed the name of objects so *proverbially* welcome to the world, to designate his volume of metrical miscellanies. It may depend whether or not the present *bouquet* shall perish in the blast of critical condemnation, that the parent stems will again bear blossom in a farther advanced season.

The author avails himself of this opportunity

of expressing his thanks to those friends whose countenance and counsel have enabled him to make his bow before the bar of public opinion, and whether the award of that august and incorruptible tribunal shall be for or against him, the feelings and views with which they advised and aided him will ever be most gratefully remembered. Should it be favourable, he will rejoice that he has achieved something to render him worthy of their regard, and if unfortunately otherwise, he will derive consolation from a conviction of their disinterested and unalterable friendship.

London, August, 1827.

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MAY FLOWERS.

AWAKE THEE, MY HARP!

AWAKE thee, my Harp!—all so humble however
Thy chords, and the hands that now touch them
may be:
Though others with rapture and praise list thee never,
Still,—still will thy strains be sweet music to me.
Be the Harp and the minstrel's devotion and duty,
The themes that would mend the fond heart they
may move—
The glories of Freedom—the praises of Beauty—
The pleasures of Friendship—the raptures of Love!

Awake thee, my Harp !—as o'er moorland and
mountain,
A pilgrim I sojourn to Poesy's shrine,
While the melody poured by the wild playing
fountain,
And the breezy bow'rs summer song mingle with
thine;
Arouse thee awhile from dull lethargy's slumbers—
Give thy voice to the echoes of woodland and rock,
And some cottage maiden may catch thy wild numbers,
Or lone shepherd tending the wandering flock.

Awake thee, my Harp !—lift that voice that so often,
Like that of some minist'ring angel from high;
Would ecstasy heighten, and agony soften,
In times now remembrance regards with a sigh !
As Æolus' lyre's artless varying measure,
Even so be the music thy palsied chords make—
Fond mate of the minstrel ! in pain and in pleasure,
Wild Harp of the desert ! awake thee ! awake !

MY NATIVE CALEDONIA.

AIR—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

THE lamp o' day its radiance threw
Far o'er the Grampian mountains blue,
'Mid burning clouds, when last adieu,
I bade to Caledonia.
Along the land's steep rocky verge
Deep moaned the ocean's breaking surge,
Sad sounding, as my parting dirge,
Frae native Caledonia.

'Twas then affection strong—sincere,
Drew in my e'e the tender tear,
For hame, for friends, for kindred dear,
And native Caledonia.
And as I marked the mountains high,
Like vapour melt 'tween sea and sky,
Deep breathed my heart a pray'r and sigh
For native Caledonia.

Though sweetly balmed the zephyr blows,
Where bloom the lily and the rose,
In vales of richer soil than those
Of native Caledonia.
Mair sweet to me the mild perfume
Of heather bell and yellow broom,
That on the braes sae wildly bloom
Of native Caledonia.

Than stealing streams I love the linn,
That foamin' fa's wi' deaf'nin' din,
The bickering burns that rowe within
The glens of Caledonia.
The Lochs sae peaceful—lone—profound,
The misty mountains towering round,
Whose echoing rocks at eve resound
The songs of Caledonia.

Where'er I roam, on shore, or sea,
Whate'er on earth my hap may be;
Still longing will I think on thee,
My native Caledonia!
And ae warm wish would fain my fate,
When nature claims her common debt,
That life's declining sun may set
In native Caledonia!

SWEET MARY!

O! CALM fa' the e'ening on yon verdant valley,
Where Don o'er its pebble-paved channel winds through,
And the hawthorn tree opens its blossoms sae gaily,
To sip the bright tears o' the mild melting dew!
For sacred's the scene to my fancy and wishes,
As blest beyond measure hae I been thereon;
And there aften wanders amang the green bushes,
Sweet Mary that lives on the Braes o' the Don.

The blue-bells hang gay on the Braes o' Balgownie,
The sweet-briers droop frae the grey rocky steep,
Sae rich in their fragrance—sae wild and sae bonnie,
They kiss their fond shadows that dwell in the deep!
It was nae the green brier, nor yet the blue blossom,
That wyled me a wand'ring sae late, and sae lone,
But the young bloom o' Beauty—the lass o' my bosom,
Sweet Mary that lives on the Braes o' the Don.

Tho' now I am far frae the lass I lo'e dearly,
Love-dreams fan my bosom-flame fonder to burn.
And naething can gladden my heart sae sincerely,
As the kind gleam o' hope o' my speedy return:
Then ye moments wing swift that keep me frae my Mary,
Till that dearest day o' my life ye bring on,
That I meet my true love wi' her aye to tarry,
Sweet Mary, that lives on the Braes o' the Don.

SEATON VALE. [1]

AIR—"*Katherine Ogie.*"

GREEN bloom thy groves—sweet Seaton Vale!
And fair unfauld thy flowers!
To bless wi' balm the gentle gale,
That seeks thy simmer bowers.
Where white as snaw the gowans grow,
The thornie briers blossom;
And pure as light the waters flow,
That babble thro' thy bosom!

The dew descends—sweet Seaton Vale!
As heaven's ain tears to woo thee;
The zephyr sighs its true-love tale,
Baith morn and e'enin' thro' thee.
Th' enamoured sun, wi' brightest rays,
Smiles on thy realm o' flowers;
And Eve her saftest shadow lays
Upon thy peacefu' bowers!

For thee and thine—sweet Seaton Vale!
Tear after tear is starting;
That better far than words o' wail,
Reveals the pang o' parting.
In Nature's every hue and form,
Thou Fairy land I loved thee;
In simmer's calm, and winter's storm,
Adoring, have I roved thee!

Then fare thee weel—sweet Seaton Vale!
And fare thee weel forever!
Our bark for sea now bends the sail,
Ae look—and then we sever.
And ye wha made as dear as fair,
Each scene o' wave and wildwood,
Fareweel!—we part to meet nae mair,
Companions o' my childhood!

THE MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY'S STRATHSPEY.

O' a' the rants—o' a' the reels
That please the heart, an' pain the heels,
An' drouk wi' sweat our queans an' chiels,
There's nane like Lady Huntly.
The thirlin' thairm beneath the bow,
Ne'er soun's a better tune I trow,
To warm the breast, an' weet the brow,
Than that o' Lady Huntly.

This nicht to haud auld Yule we meet,
While stoup an' cog our weasons weet,
Baith heel an' hoch sal sweel in sweet,
Wi' dancin' Lady Huntly.
Lat glaiket Fashion gang to France,
Wi' monkey-mensed Munseer to prance,
While we at hame delight to dance
The reel o' Lady Huntly.

We're nane o' Fashion's modish fules,
Wha stint their mirth to stated rules,
But heartie, hame-owre, social souls,
We'll lowp to Lady Huntly.
The German waltz, and French quadrille,
Italia's learn'd, but tuneless trill,
Can never stir the heart an' heel,
Like blithsome Lady Huntly.

Sae fiddler lads strike up the tune,
An' lat us scour our Sunda' shune,
Heuch! I cou'd drive a dizzen dune,
Wi' dancin' Lady Huntly!
Loup lads an' lasses ilka ane,
O! fear na shin or shank to sprain,
Lat's hae the gleesome *come again*,
An' be it Lady Huntly.

Come fill an' toom the stoups and cogs,
An' ye wha hae on buits or brogues,
Gad! gar the barn-fluir bend like bogs,
To the tune o' Lady Huntly.
An' heav'n sal hae our best o' thanks,
Gif a' the fowk on Bogie's banks,[2]
Hae got guid shune an' guid swack shanks,
To dance to Lady Huntly.

ELLEN.

AIR—"*The mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*"

How deep blush the new blossomed roses,
When kiss'd by the bright morning dew!
But Ellen's down saft cheek discloses,
A bloom and blush fairer to view.
The glance o' her blue e'e expresses
The eloquent language o' love;
The mien and the mind she possesses,
How like to the beings above!

The lily wi' envy wad wither,
If placed on her bosom or brow;
O! beauty thou hast na anither,
Mair fair 'mang thy daughters I trow.
May fausehood and grief trouble never
That bosom so warm and sincere;
But faithful and fond be he ever,
Wha wins the pure heart that beats there

THE STRANGER'S HOME.

WRITTEN ON PASSING THE NORE IN 1823.

EACH sail is set—straight from the shore
Our bark obeys the sea-ward wind,
The big green billows swell before,
The land we left sinks far behind.
Though never more that land I see—
Whatever clime I chance to roam,
My heart will love unceasingly—
My lips will bless the Stranger's Home.

Thy sons of social heart, oh! Thames,
The feast of friendship well enjoy;
The beauty of thy daughter-dames,
To love the yielding youth decoy!
Where toil and talent have their claim—
In arts a Greece—in arms a Rome;
And still, oh! still, of fairer fame,
Old England is the Stranger's Home!

Hoist high!—my merry mariner!
A parting pennant to yon land;
Far, far astern, then northward steer
For Scotia's dear—though distant strand.
And while I yet thy chalk cliffs view,
Faint o'er the ocean's verge of foam,
A long—perhaps the last adieu,
Old England! thou—the Stranger's Home!

GREEK SONG OF LIBERTY.

Spirits of the Spartan brave!
Ye who in one glorious grave,
Deathless name so dearly gave
To your proud Thermopylæ!
From your sleep of ages start,
To our souls your fire impart,
While we now, with hand and heart,
Dare to do for Liberty.

Manes of Marathon!—arise!
While fair Hellas' purple skies
Answer back your children's cries—
Cries the knell of slavery.
Land of brightest—earliest fame!
Land of never-dying name!
Thoughts! that burn our cheeks with shame—
Fire our breasts for Liberty!

Ye who clasp the plough and spade,
Grasp the gun, and battle blade,
Be your bannered cross displayed—
Front the Moslem fearlessly.
We may fail—but let our blood,
Drench the field, and dye the flood,
While rejoicing rock and wood
Catch our cries of Liberty!

See the crescent crimsoned o'er,
Deep with kindred Grecian gore—
Deeper shall it be before
Towers that type triumphantly.
Greeks! to glory up and on,
Arm'd and eager—sire and son!—
Never—but with battle won,
Sheath the sword of Liberty!

WINE.

COME, raise the rosy wine-cup high,
A bumper from the bounteous bowl;
How swift—how sweet the moments fly,
When mirth and music glad the soul!
With joyous heart assemble we,
To prove the virtues of the vine:
The feast of friendship this shall be,
Then raise the cup of rosy Wine!

Round let the ruddy goblet go,
A balm for every grief is there;
'Twill flush the cheek of waning woe,
And light the clouded brow of care.
Let poets praise the flowery vale,
Give me the valley of the vine:
O! let my soul and sense regale
With flash of wit, and flow of Wine!

Then fill the wine-flask—fill it up!
And yet, companions, ere we part,
Pledge each one in a cordial cup
The best beloved of his heart!
Let business vex the sordid soul,
But mirth and many days be mine;
While cares the plodding heart controul,
O! give me Wine!—O! give me Wine!

DOLLY DUMPLING.

AIR—"*I'll love you no more.*"

WHILE hundreds of hearts—matchless maid!— seek thy favour,
I swear o'er again what I oftimes have swore,
When thy breath of the garlick or gas-pipe shall savour,
O! then, Dolly Dumpling, I'll love you no more.

When thy dot-and-go-one limbs bend ten times more bandy,
And hunched is thy carcase behind and before;
And thy stomach can stow in a dozen of brandy,
O! then, Dolly Dumpling, I'll love you no more.

When Satan shall hop out of hell upon luck's foot,
And hymn hallelujahs as he did of yore,
And the hue of thy cheek is as yellow's a duck's foot,
O! then, Dolly Dumpling, I'll love you no more.

Forgive me—fond fair!—should my vows seem uncivil,
But when thou exceedest the age of fourscore,
And the smile of thy mouth's like a grin of the d—l,
O! then, Dolly Dumpling, I'll love you no more!

THE BUT AN' THE BEN.[3]

THE farmer maun now hae his blue sklatet biggin,
An' follow the fashion as weel as the laird;
Leeze me on my bield wi' its strae-theekit riggin,
Ahint a peat stack an' afore a kale yard.
There is na a man in the fair land o' Fyvie,
On hill head, on brae side, on green haugh or glen;
Mair happy than I wi' my thriftie sweet wifie,
Within our wee bield o' a But an' a Ben.

A cantie an' couthie gudewife is my Katie,
Tho' by her best days still she's bonnie an' blithe,
An' a' her delight is to please her ain Patie
Sae weel far'd an' winsome—sae leesome an' lithe,
She bauks an' she brews—milks my Hawkie an' Hornie,
Kirns butter—croods kebbucks—cloots claise now an' then;
An' sark an' sheet washes in yon bickerin burnie,
That aft gies a trout to the But an' the Ben.

To my youngest chil' aft I sing diddle de diddle,
Or aiblins some sang coft the last market day;
An' there are waur fists than mysel on the fiddle,
At scrapin' a Scottish jig, reel, or strathspey.
Tho' sometimes I may be downhearted an' dowie,
For wha e'er kent pleasure that never dreed pain?
Yet the physic that phizes an' barms in the bowie,
Drives dool to the de'il frae the But an' the Ben.

Ahint my laigh housie blooms nae leafie bower,
But a divot-dyk'd yard for my corn-rucks an' kale,
Perhaps here an' there sproots an' anterin flower,
That courts the kind kiss o' the saft simmer gale.
Health an' toil come wi' mornin'—wi' e'en luve an' leisure,
An' what purer bliss can a mortal man ken?
When the view o' the past an' the present gie pleasure,
O! wha wadna bide in the But an' the Ben?

THE BURN O' ARDOH.[4]

AIR—"*Braes o' Tullymet.*"

FAR I've followed thee—Mary,
Frae the bonnie Burn o' Ardoh,
Hame I'll seek nor see—Mary,
Till my luve gang wi' me.
There thou sal see—there thou sal share
The best o' fowk—the best o' fare,
Thy comfort sal be a' our care,
Dear lassie lippen to me.

Blithe the birdies sing—Mary,
By the bonnie Burn o' Ardoh,
As the flow'rs o' Spring—Mary,
Busk the braes sae gaily.
While wimplin' wildly out an' in,
An' dancin' down ilk little linn,
The burnie rowes wi' rantin' din,
Whare we will ramble daily.

Blest sal we be there—Mary,
By the bonnie Burn o' Ardoh;
While baith late an' air—Mary,
I will daut thee dearly!
While laverocks wauk the smilin' morn,
An' linties welcome eve's return,
The lowe o' luve will fondly burn,
That heats this heart—my Mary!

ALBIN.

Know ye the land of the purple hill-heather,
The gold tassell'd broom and the green tangl'd brake,
Where the native fir-forests, no winter can wither,
Bloom shaggy and wild by the linn and the lake:
Where the white tumbling torrent roars deaf'ning and deep
And the wrath of the storm ever wars with the steep;
Know ye that that land is the country of Cäel—
The mountains of Morven—the glens of the Gäel.

Know ye the land where full oft at grey gloaming,
The Bagpipe's loud peal cave and Correi rebound,
Where wildly the fleet footed red deer are roaming,
Or with panting breasts flee from the huntsman and hound.
Where the eagle—bold bird! builds his eyrie so proud,
Where the heron and hawk top the cliff and the cloud!
Whose wings crest the cap of that country of Cäel,
The mountains of Morven—the glens of the Gäel.

Know ye the land where the clan-checquered plaiden,
Like the raiment of Rome clads the stout mountain men,
And mantles the sunny haired blithe blue-eyed maiden,
Whose loveliness lightens the gloom of the glen?
What land then is that—but mine own Northern Land,
And though cold be its clime—wild and sterile its strand,
The home of my heart is the country of Cäel,
The mountains of Morven—the glens of the Gäel.

SWEET ANN OF ABERDEEN.

THERE bides a lass—a bonnie lass,
Within yon city fair;
Whare Dee's pure waters gleam like glass,
Beneath the sunny air.
There monie a maiden steps the street,
Fu' comely to be seen;
But tent your heart in case ye meet
Sweet Ann of Aberdeen.

O! she is lovely as the light,
That gilds the morning rise;
As ev'n to pilgrim's tranced sight,
A vision from the skies!
Young Beauty blushes on her cheek,
Young Love blinks thro' her e'en;
O! mair than lips thy e'en can speak,
Sweet Ann of Aberdeen!

O ! were I that high-favour'd youth,
That hath this lassie's love :
Wi' constant tenderness and truth,
How worthy wad I prove !
Sae blithe as I wad rise at morn,
Sae blest lie down at e'en ;
Did she my happy hame adorn,
Sweet Ann of Aberdeen !

MY NATIVE LAND!

My native land!—my native land!
How near thy coast-crags, high and hoar,
I see the surf that strikes thy strand—
I hear its hoarse unceasing roar;
Before the breeze we gaily scud,
With straining cord, and swollen sail;
And, while we stir the foaming flood,
All hail! my native land, all hail!

Through Afric's sands the gold ore gleams,
The diamonds blaze in Asia's mines;
But there, beneath day's burning beams,
The black, a bondsman, pants and pines!
Proud parent of the fair and free!
Swift to thy green hills sweeps the gale;
And, while it wafts me on to thee,
All hail! my native land, all hail!

What Briton's breast but deeply draws,
The breath that sighs thy shores adieu?
But throbs—as oft a thought he throws
From far, on days of youth and you?
How have I long'd thy hills to see!
When hope was faint, and health was frail;
But gladly now I gaze on thee—
All hail! my native land, all hail!

Bound on, my bark! with powerful prow,
Through whitening waves that round thee roar;
From port the pilot hails us—now
Hark! hark! I hear the plunging oar!
The anchor drags the clanking chain—
The seamen furl the flapping sail,
Thick throbs my heart! and yet again—
All hail! my native land, all hail!

SWEET LASSIE WI' THE SUNBRIGHT HAIR.

Sweet Lassie wi' the sunbright hair—
Sweet Lassie wi' the sky-blue e'e!
I lo'e thee, Lassie, mickle mair,
Than word or write cou'd tell to thee,
What I wad daur—what I wad dree!
To mak' thee mine, by heart an' han'!
O! heaven ae happy pair sou'd see,
Were ye gude wife, whare I'm gude man.[5]

I hae a' hame down by the Don,
A bonnie fir-tree bow'r within,
That screens it frae the simmer sun,
An' shields it frae the winter win',
O! never can thy beauty win,
A hame mair lithe—a heart mair leal—
Then leave—my luve—thy kith an' kin,
An' share my bosom an' my biel'.

Down rowe thy ringlets—wildly weaven—
They gild thy braid an' bonnie brow;
Thy blue e'e's blink's a glimpse o' heaven,
That thrills my heart richt thro' an' thro'!
An' how I lo'e words canna show,
But ilka day will bring thee proof;
Then plight me—luve—thy virgin vow,
An' plight it wi' thy lily loof.

THE VALE OF THE VINE.

Let bards with their beauties betake them to bow'rs,
Where the sweetest of scent breathes from fairest of flow'rs,
Whose leafy boughs hide from the bye-passer's gaze,
There to whisper the words of their passion and praise;
While the sound of the brook and the song of the bird
Make music, by angel ears meet to be heard:
But be fruit before flowers at any time mine,
And that richest of fruits in the Vale of the Vine.

Romancers may range o'er the Alpine peaks proud,
Those tall mountain Titans whose cloaks are of cloud;
But I can't conceive what regard they deserve,
For there you may stare, and may stare till you starve.
Let me live in fair France, where a kindlier soil,
Rewards with abundance the vintager's toil;
Where the flagon and flask, at the daylight's decline,
Glad the husbandman's heart in the Vale of the Vine.

Shine thou sun—drop thou dew—fall thou fostering
rain
On the corn-covered hill and the herb-planted plain,
And fail not to visit the purpling vine groves,
The clustering fruit chubby Bacchus beloves;
Let idle gales woo od'rous foliage and flower,
On the stems of the garden, and boughs of the bower;
But thine be the dew-drop, the shower and sunshine,
Thou Eden still extant—sweet Vale of the Vine!

THE BALL.

THE harp's heart-stirring tones resound
The lofty 'luminated hall;
And, light of limb, the revellers round
Begin the gay and gladd'ning Ball:
O! may Apollo guide the hands
That stray the mazy strings among,
While festive friendship here commands
The flowing cup, the dance, and song.

With beauty is our banquet bless'd,
With gentle, gay and gallant youth;
See glee in every face express'd,
By sparkling eye and smiling mouth!
Then through the dance with tuneful tread,
To mirthful music let us move,
While fond and fair young nymphs we lead
To notes that kindle joy and love!

Bring here the bowl of blushing wine!
Fair Lady, kiss the generous cup—
Nay, let no gentle draught be thine,
Nor blush like it to drink it up;
Though sweet indeed that cup to sip,
When woes the heart of man distress,
Yet sweeter far the laughing lip,
It now so favoured is to press!

Strike harpers—strike the thrilling chords!
With time and tune in concert sweet
Beat heel and heart—while bend the boards
Beneath our light elastic feet.
O! sweet to mark each gay robed pair
The varying figure nimbly trace,
The graceful gait—the youthful air
Of every form, and every face!

And here with ripe refreshing fruit,
With cooling ice, or heating wine,
Let all their various palates suit,
And dance till morning sun shall shine!
So shall each honest heart beat high,
With fond festivity to night;
And angels, envying earth, will sigh
To share our sinless sweet delight!

VERSES WRITTEN FOR A CELTIC CLUB.

The sunny South may boast of bowers
Of spicy fruit, and painted flowers,—
But where's the land more grac'd than ours,
With great and ancient ancestry?
What nation now upholds a name
Of farther, and of fairer fame,
Than that from whence we Clansmen came,
Beneath the North's cold canopy?
On eastern earth—o'er western wave,
The tyrant rules the swarthy slave;
But *there* the beauteous and the brave
Abide in love and liberty!

Though spare the soil, and cold the clime,
Where Morven's mountains soar sublime—
The steeps untam'd by storm and time,
Or by the hand of husbandry;
Yet, mid those mountains, bleak and blue,
Are born and bred the strong and true,
Who wear the garb of varying hue,
The plume of proudest chivalry!

From hill and glen there every man
At Chieftain's call, in valour's van,
For king—for country—and for clan,
Would bare the Claymore cleverly!

Can *we* forget thee—Scotia! then?
Forget our kindred of the glen—
Thy mountain maids—thy mountain men—
And each fond scene of infancy?
Can *we* forget thy hills of heath,
Where first our bosoms drew their breath?
No! never, till the day of death,
Loved land of our nativity!
And never *we* with deeds of shame
Shall cloud the splendour of thy name—
Unsullied shall our fathers' fame
Pass to our proud posterity!

SWEET SALLY.

Young Beauty's abode is yon straw-covered cot,
Whose white walls the woodbines embrace;
And, elsewhere, O Earth! in thy bounds thou hast not
So sweet and so pleasant a place!
There, though humble the home would I dwell—would I die,
Should she share both my pleasure and pain;
For fond to my heart, as she's fair to my eye
Is Sally, the pride of our plain.

There laburnum and lilac in Spring are array'd,
With their blossoms of purple and gold;
And the snow of the lily in June is displayed,
When the rose-tree's red flowers unfold.
And oh! could I win the fair hand and fond heart,
I have sued for again and again,
Young love from yon bower would never depart—
From Sally, the pride of our plain.

Then never the frowns nor the smilings of fate
Could cause a false feeling in me;
Nor years should the ardour of young love abate,
No change in this bosom can be.
Seek city—seek country, for one to surpass
This maiden—your search will be vain,
For the sun never shone on a lovelier lass,
Than Sally, the pride of our plain!

STANZAS

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A YOUNG MAN, WHO DIED OF A DECLINE.

Mourn not ye meads! though Autumn nips
The bloom fair Summer on ye shows;
Wail not ye woods! though winter strips
The sapless foliage from your boughs;
For soon again will ye assume
Your vernal vestments, fresh and fair,
Again adorned with blade and bloom,
Breathe sweetness through the April air!

But never this death stricken heart,
The throne of grief—a fount of tears!
Can nature give again, nor art
The hopeful bloom of younger years.
In the cold dwelling of the dead,
Soon shall I press my couch of clay,
Where din and dream no more invade,
And Night is ne'er dethroned by Day!

O! murmur not ye streams that stole
To summer sunshine calm and bright,
Though hoarse and hurried now ye roll,
Dark as the cloud-wrapt noon of night!
Through banks of bloom in smiling May,
Soon will ye move with gentle noise.
Bright as the lucid light of day,
Blue as the naked summer skies.

Not so with me—the tide of time
In youth pass'd like a stealing stream,
Unstirr'd by storm—unsoil'd by slime,
It flowed reflecting Hope's sweet beam.
Nor now is Hope's sun wholly set,
One ray still gilds life's early even,
That lights my broken spirit yet
To rest and peace—the hope of heaven!

SCOTIA.

AIR.—"*The Blue Bells of Scotland.*"

O! where, wat ye where,
Do the blue bells sweetest blow?
O! where, wat ye where,
Do the gowans fairest grow?
O! nae on plains o' palm, nor on vallies o' the vine,
But Scotia! 'mang thy hills and howes beneath the simmer shine.

Tho' green, ever green,
Bloom Italia's myrtle groves,
Where at morn, noon, and e'en
The rich scented zephyr roves,
Yet to me the birk and brier bush hae pleasanter perfume
Where the thistle waves its crimson crest—the heath its purple plume!

Tho' fragrant and fine
Is the bloom of Iber's bow'rs,
And the brightest sunshine
Gilds its groves o' fruit and flow'rs,
Yet, in their cloudier clime, the wild berries o' the brae,
Than the orange, or the olive, wad I far, far sooner hae.

'Tis *there,* oh! 'tis *there,*
Where the blue bells sweetest blow,
'Tis *there,* oh! 'tis *there,*
Where the gowans fairest grow,
That my memory shines as bright, and as steady as the star,
The beacon to my native north—from polar skies afar!

A SONG.

THERE lives a lass within yon wood
Whose birks embower the sweet burnside;
O! I wad gie the warld an' cou'd
I mak' that bonnie lass my bride.
She thieves my thochts frae morn to night,
She robs my rest frae night to morn;
A lovely rosebud to my sight
But to my heart—alas! the thorn!

Her black e'e's blink cou'd warm an' win
The cauldest heart to luve her leal;
Her looks wad lure a saint to sin,
Or mak' devout the vera Deil!
She shines the moon the stars amang,
When wi' the bonnie an' the braw;
A fairer—minstrel never sang;
A fairer—mortal never saw!

THE YTHAN.

SWEET stream of my youth! where the bright jewels dwell,
Whose waters, revealing the gem's casket-shell,
Shine pure to the sun, like the mirror of heav'n,
And brooch on their bosom the star-gems of Ev'n:
When the lintie and laverock the morning light greet,
Thy blithe babblings mingle their music so sweet;
And at Eve, wi' the wild note o' mavis and merle,
Sweet stream that steals over the pebble and pearl! (6)

O! sweet was the time when I roved by thy stream,
Wi' cheek in Health's blossom, and heart in Hope's beam,
Oft to pore on those parts, where, by shepherds 'tis said,
Watched by demons of darkness, Gicht's treasures are laid! (7)

Or, by Haddo, the huge Rock of Horror to scale,
So noted and named by traditional tale,[8]
That echoes at night oft the Kelpie's wroth skirl—
Sweet stream that steals over the pebble and pearl!

Ye scenes, once of pleasure, are now thoughts of pain,
To know that I never can view you again;—
Gichts grey roofless ruins no more shall I see,
Where the raven and rook caw on turret and tree!
Yet fond is the vision, and dear is the dream,
In mem'ry and sleep of thy flow'r-bordered stream,
Whose amber-bright waves o'er thy jewell'd caves curl—
Sweet stream that steals over the pebble and pearl!

THE FLOWER O' FYVIE.

THE waving woods bloom gaily green,
That Fyvie Castle's white wa's screen:
But by the House o' Gicht is seen
The fairest flower o' Fyvie.
The favourite lass at feast or fair,
To sight—to soul divinely dear,
The talk an' toast o' far an' near,
The fairest flower o' Fyvie.

I've roved by Deveron, Don, an' Dee,
Whare monie a maid has ta'en my e'e,
But nane my heart till ta'en by thee,
Sweet maid!—thou flower o' Fyvie.
The city dames mair fine than fair
Need fashion's dress an' studied air,
But art on thee can do nae mair,
Thou fairest flower o' Fyvie.

O ! had I but that heart o' thine,
As thou—sweet maid ! hast this o' mine,
Our lot thro' life wad be divine
Thou fairest flower o' Fyvie.
An' my fond soul might Gude forgie,
If then it should sae sinfu' be,
As tine a' thocht o' heav'n in thee—
Sweet maid ! thou flower o' Fyvie.

MOONLIGHT.

SOME poets may offer their incense of praise,
Like the priests of Peru, at the sun's golden shrine,
At morning, at noontide, and requiems raise,
When evening clouds close o'er the day-beam's decline.
When the dew-fall with diamonds, sheds lustre on earth,
And heaven's star-lamps light the air-vault above;
And, sweetest of all, the soft Night-Queen shines forth,
Then all nature is Beauty—all feeling is Love!

Then, then should the fond secret-loving ones meet,
When the tone of the voice and the glance of the eye
Will borrow a beauty romantic and sweet—
A magic the morning and noon-day deny.
When the stars pay their court to the queen-moon on high,
How pleasant, how peaceful, about and above!
No sound, save the night bird's sweet vesper, the sigh
And the whisper where Beauty holds converse with Love!

And I know, my dear nymph, by the smile on thy mouth,
That thou wouldst prefer such a night to the noon:
O! the sun, if he likes, may light solely the south,
So long's he leaves us in the north with the moon!
Let the nightingale's note summon thee to the shade,
And the smile of the moon light thy steps to the grove,
Where *one* will await for thy coming—sweet maid!
And greet blushing Beauty with kisses of Love!

THE BANKS O' BOGIE.

AIR—"*Cauld kale in Aberdeen.*"

I'VE wander'd Scotland, far an' wide,
I've been out owre the border;
But gie me our ain waterside,
I seek to gang nae farther.
Whare cantie chiels fu' aften meet
Around their native Cogie,
An' gar the hours flee swift an' sweet
Upon the Banks o' Bogie.

CHORUS.

Then hey! for Bogie's Banks an' Braes,
The country o' the Cogie!
Lang be our lives, an' blithe our days,
Upon the Banks o' Bogie!

In bonnie Buchan thrive the nowte,
The crap o' corn in Gearie;
Thro' Marr the fir-trees straicht an' stout,
In forests deep an' drearie.[9]
But oh! at merrie sang an' joke,
At toomin' stoup an' Cogie;
Nae land can meet the honest fowk
Upon the Banks o' Bogie:
Then hey! for Bogie's Banks an' Braes, &c.

When drowsie day his e'elid steeks—
The sweet grey hour o' Gloamin!
How I hae wisht our days were weeks,
An' ilka week a towmon!
Then roun' an' roun' this toast we'll pass,
Weel worthy o' the Cogie,
The blithest lad—the bonniest lass
Upon the Banks o' Bogie!
Then hey! for Bogie's Banks an' Braes, &c.

ALBION.

AIR—"*It was Dunois the young and brave.*"

O! ALBION, O! Albion—thou glorious and great,
Fair offspring of the ocean's womb—the favourite of Fate!
His trident-sceptre Neptune hath long ceded o'er to thee—
Proud isle! the wonder of the world—the sovereign of the sea.

O! Albion—imperial isle;—for glory and for gain,
Thy gallant vessels stem the waves—where on thy wide domain
Each foreign flag obedient owns the rank and power of thee—
Proud isle! the wonder of the world—the sovereign of the sea.

O ! Albion, thy sea-nurst sons are free as wind and
wave,
And, save thy daughters' charms, nought can their
haughty hearts enslave ;
For these are noted for the fair, as those are for the
free,
Proud isle ! the wonder of the world—the sovereign
of the sea.

O ! Albion, God guard thy shores from war, disease,
and dearth ;
May plenty smile o'er every hill, and joy at every
hearth ;
As thou from distant days hast been so ever mayst
thou be,
Proud isle ! the wonder of the world—the sovereign
of the sea !

KATHLEEN.

AIR—"*The Humours of Glen.*"

O! DISTANT, but dear, is that sweet island, wherein
My hopes, with my Kathleen and kindred abide;
And far though I wander from thee, emerald Erin!
No space can the links of my love-chain divide.
Fairest spot of the earth!—brightest gem of the ocean!
How oft have I wakened my wild harp in thee!
While with eye of expression, and heart of emotion,
Listen'd Kathleen ma vourneen—cuishlih ma chree!

The bloom of the moss-rose--the blush of the morning,
The soft cheek of Kathleen discloses their dye;
What ruby can rival the lip of ma vourneen?
What sight-dazzling diamond can equal her eye?
Her silken hair vies with the sunbeam in brightness;
And white is her brow as the surf of the sea;
Thy footstep is like to the fairy's in lightness,
Of Kathleen ma vourneen—cuishlih ma chree!

Fair muse of the minstrel!—beloved of my bosom!
As the song of thy praise and my passion I breathed,
Thy fair fingers oft, with the triad leaf'd blossom,
Sweet Erin's green emblem, my wild harp have wreath'd;
While with soft melting murmurs the bright river ran on,
That by thy bower follows the sun to the sea;
And oh! soon dawn the day, I review the sweet Shannon,
And Kathleen ma vourneen—cuishlih ma chree!

THE DON AND DEE.

LIKE silver shines the dimpling Dee
That seeks with rapid speed the sea;
Wide wandering o'er a pebbled path,
Thro' woody glen and rocky strath:
While cross'd with cruives[10] the neighbouring Don,
Its sister stream, wends slowly on,
And bonnie baith their scenes to see
The banks and braes of Don and Dee.

Oft have I near Balgownie's brig[11]
Pluck'd hawthorn spray and hazel sprig,
On Tulla's tap and Banchory's brae,
The wild hill-berries, black and blae,
For shell and sea-weed near to Naig,[12]
At ocean's ebb, crawl'd o'er the craig,
Roved like the breeze as fresh and free,
The banks and braes of Don and Dee.

While yet a boy—when but a bairn
I sought the quarry-cave and cairn,
Strolled down the den and bickering rill
Of Rubslaw's rock and whinny hill.
But ah! the distant and the dead!
Those scenes with me again must tread,
Ere dear as they *have* been can be
The banks and braes of Don and Dee!

To sea, my ship!—slack every sail
Wide to the fresh and favouring gale;
Swift be thy speed—may tempests sleep
Whilst thy proud prow divides the deep!
Nor beach nor breeze thy way withstand,
Until thy keel curves Scotia's strand
Then will I seek with thanks to thee,
The banks and braes of Don and Dee!

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

EMBLEM of England hail!—thou fairest flower
That paints the garden or perfumes the gale,
And lovest so well to bloom in Devon's vale,
Within the spell of my beloved's bower:
Emblem of Beauty!—for to thee it is
That passion likens woman's loveliness,
Flower of the silken bloom and incense breath!
Blossom beloved by zephyr, sun, and shower,
O! still embellish and embalm the bower
Where lives my love—my fair Elizabeth!
And though the Autumn air may blight thy bloom,
And winter's wind of verdure strip thy stem;
Yet, regal Rose—each summer there assume,
Thy emerald robes and damask diadem!

SONG.

CHORUS.

LASSIE how I lo'e thee!
Lassie how I lo'e thee!
Dear as ev'n my hope in heaven,
Lassie do I lo'e thee!

Didst thou descend frae heaven's pure sphere,
To make us mortals holy here;
For wha may view thee maun revere,
An' deeply—dearly lo'e thee!
Lassie how I lo'e thee, &c.

Thy angel e'en sae blue an' bright,
Thy heart as heav'nly leal an' light;
O! fond to soul, as fair to sight,
'Tis godliness to lo'e thee!
Lassie how I lo'e thee, &c.

If thou deceit in words may'st fear,
An' seek that sign to passion dear;
Tent not the tongue but trust the tear
That tells thee how I lo'e thee!
Lassie how I lo'e thee, &c.

But fare thee weel since we maun part,
Tho' dear as life an' heaven thou art;
An' oh! fareweel my traitor heart
Deserting me to lo'e thee!
Lassie how I lo'e thee, &c.

SEND ROUND THE WINE!

SEND round the wine! nor thus abuse,
With dull discourse on church and state,
The means and moments we may use,
To make us blest in spite of fate;
Since seldom's joy the lot of man,
'Tis wise to catch it when we can.

Let surly sages rail at wine,
Vain all the arguments they try;
Is it the Deity's design,
That grapes should grow to droop and die?
No!—'tis the balm—a boon from heaven,
To heal the heart by anguish riven!

Behold! around our banquet board,
Behold, how flushes ev'ry face,
That with the wine-god's would accord,
In laughing look, and rosy grace;
While smooths, with smiles of gayest glance,
Each lately care mark'd countenance!

Bring me a branch from Gallia's groves!
The broad vine-leaves bind on my brows;
And he who wine and woman loves,
Give to his wreath the blushing Rose;
Then Beauty's blossom weave in mine,
As ye my heated temples twine!

This glowing glass—how dear its dye!
It blushes like my charmer's cheek;
It sparkles like young Ellen's eye,
Yet oh! what words *her* sparkles speak;
But bring the bowl that I may sip
Balm like unto my lov'd one's lip!

O! seek'st thou—pensive pilgrim—say,
A Paradise through Palestine?
Ungird thy loins—cast staff away,
And fill thy water-shell with wine;
For godly saint, and gifted seer,
Half way to heav'n would think them here!

Hand here, my harp!—I'll wake its wires,
While pleasure pours the song of soul;
And yon Castalian cup inspires
The minstrel's muse—the brim-full bowl;
And as I strike the quiv'ring chord,
The song and cup send round the board!

HIELAN' HEATHER,

AIR—"*O'er the muir amang the heather.*"

CHORUS.

HEY! for the Hielan' heather!
Hey! for the Hielan' heather!
Dear to me, an' aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan' heather!

The moss-muir black an' mountain blue,
Whare mists at morn an' gloamin gather;
The craigs an' cairns o' hoary hue,
Whare blooms the bonnie Hielan' heather!
Hey! for the Hielan' heather!

Whare monie a wild bird wags its wing,
Baith sweet o' sang an' fair o' feather;
While cavern'd cliffs wi' echo ring,
Amang the hills o' Hielan' heather!
Hey! for the Hielan' heather!

Whare light o' heart an' light o' heel,
Young lads an' lasses trip thegither;
The native Norlan rant an' reel,
Amang the haelsome Hielan' heather!
Hey! for the Hielan' heather!

The broom an' whin, by loch an' linn,
Are tipp'd wi' gowd in simmer weather;
How sweet an' fair!—but meikle mair
The purple bells o' Hielan' heather!
Hey! for the Hielan' heather!

Whare'er I rest—whare'er I range,
My fancy fondly travels thither;
Nae countrie charms, nae customs change
My feelings frae the Hielan' heather!
Hey! for the Hielan' heather!

STANZAS.

O! WHAT is life if we have lost
All that can pleasure render;
Without one faithful friend to trust,
On fair breast fond and tender.
O! who would shun the dart of death,
By health and hope forsaken—
But gladly heave his latest breath,
And rest—no more to waken!

My day of life was dark at dawn,
But yet not clouded thorough;
Hope gleam'd ere noon—but now withdrawn,
My day declines in sorrow.
With painful note my moments pass,
And peace can I know never;
Till o'er my clay-couch grows the grass,
And life is lull'd forever!

TO MARION.

O! WERE my Marion yon young pine,
Within sweet Seaton's garden ground;
And I an ivy to entwine
That stately tree my tendrils round.
There ever-green in leaf and love—
There ever clasped in fond embrace;
What spot on earth—what sphere above
Could equal then that pleasant place!

O! were my love yon wild rose fair,
That crests Balgownie's craggy height;
Soft sighing to the morning air,
Deep blushing in the tears of night!
And I the Lord of golden day—
How on the sweet and beauteous bloom
Would dwell my warmest smiling ray,
Till chased by Evening's envious gloom.

O! were my love yon green sweet brier,
That scents fair Granholm's breezy lawn;
Where bloom and bird charm eye and ear,
And I the breath of dewy dawn;
How I would breathe at break of day,
In whispered words each dear desire;
Well pleased amid its leaves to play,
Then with impassioned sighs expire!

How happy I a cup to be,
Laid down by Powis' fountain-brink;
And she—my love—and only she,
With me the cold clear spring to drink
O how unspeakable my bliss,
So fondly sweet—so purely true;
As me her smiling lips would kiss,
The dewy rosebud's breath and hue!

O! that I were Don's shining stream,
That winds its way with merry din;
My love oft 'neath the noon-day beam,
A naiad nymph to wade therein.
How my fond flood would love to lave
Her fair shaped limbs so snowy white;
And kiss the little feet that gave
My crystal current such delight!

In yon secluded Hermitage, [13]
Near by St. Machar's ancient aisle
Were I a world-sick saintly sage,
That dwelt within that peaceful pile.
Thine image for Madonna there,
The clasped hands—the bended knee
All—all of penance—hope and prayer
Would—God forgive me !—be for thee.

Had fate ordained our humble home
In Rubslaw's deep and rocky den;
And many were our years to come,
Far from the haunts of busy men.
Unvexed by worldly stir and strife,
Within our wild-wood bow'r of bliss;
There all our wishes would be life,
Our hopes on high—a heav'n like this!

But happier still—with B—— grove,
If heaven had pleased my lot to bless;
And thou—the Lady of my love,
To share my home and happiness.
Then we would live, and we would love
As purely—passionately even
As the fair spirits bless'd above,
The saints and seraphim in heaven!

A FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

AIR—"*Kinloch.*"

LOVED land of my kindred! farewell—and forever!
O! what can relief to the bosom impart;
When fated with each fond endearment to sever,
And hope its sweet sunshine withholds from the heart!
Farewell thou fair land!—which till life's pulse shall perish,
Though doom'd to forego I shall never forget,
Wherever I wander for thee will I cherish,
The dearest regard, and the deepest regret!

Farewell ye great Grampians!—cloud-robed and crested!
Like your mists in the sunbeam ye melt in my sight;
Your peaks are the King-Eagle's thrones—where have rested
The snow-falls of ages—eternally white!

Ah! never again shall the falls of your fountains
Their wild murmur'd music awake on mine ear;
No more the lake's lustre that mirrors your mountains,
I'll pore on with pleasure—deep, lonely, yet dear!

Yet—yet Caledonia! when slumber comes o'er me,
O! oft will I dream of thee far, far away;
But vain are the visions that rapture restore me,
To waken and weep at the dawn of the day!
Ere gone the last glimpse—faint and far o'er the ocean,
Where yet my heart dwells—where it ever shall dwell!
While tongue, sigh, and tear speak my spirit's emotion,
My country!—my kindred! farewell, oh farewell!

O! GIN I WERE WHARE GADIE ROWES.[14]

CHORUS.

O! GIN I were whare Gadie rowes
Thro' rashie haughs and whinnie howes:
O! gin I were whare Gadie rowes,
By the fit o' Bennochie!

Whare partial nature loves to strew
The wildest flow'rs o' fairest hue
That sip the siller draps o' dew,
By the fit o' Bennochie.
O! gin I were, &c.

Whare wing the blithest o' the brood,
That charm the welkin an' the wood,
To lilt their notes in merriest mood,
By the fit o' Bennochie!
O! gin I were, &c.

When Gadie glances back the beam
O' morning's shine—their smilings seem
On meeting lover's looks to gleam,
By the fit o' Bennochie!
O! gin I were &c.

There smiled the morning o' my life.
But syne I've been my Willie's wife
My day has dreed war's stormy strife,
Far, far, frae Bennochie.
O! gin I were &c.

Tho' kith an' kin hae closed on me
Their doors an' hearts that I should be
A sodger's wife—still let me see
The fit o' Bennochie.
O! gin I were &c.

Then soon—oh! soon may bludeshed cease,
An' faes meet frien's to part in peace!
Then bliss will wi' our years increase,
By the fit o' Bennochie.
O! gin I were &c.

THE TRYST.

O! MEET me at yon bush o' broom,
Wi' bells o' gowd busk'd gaily;
Be moonlight gleam or mirkest gloom,
Upon the hill and valley.
When the wearie warld hath sunk to sleep,
There will thy true-love tarry;
For thee thy plighted troth to keep,
Then meet me there—my Mary!

Tho' sweet the shady green leaf'd grove,
Aneath the sun's warm noonbeam;
Far sooner there I'd meet my love,
Aneath the milder moonbeam.
When smiles the maiden Queen o' night
On mystic elf an' fairy;
An' stars in thousands lend their light
Frae heaven to me an' Mary

Nae busie bodie's ear nor e'e,
Will list or look upon us;
The stars will wink to you an' me,
But ne'er turn tell-tale on us;
Then come to me—tho' envious Night
In sable cleeds the carry;
The lamp o' love will burn fu' bright,
When we meet there—my Mary!

THE MOUNTAIN MACS.

AIR—"*Donald M'Donald.*"

CHORUS.

O! HEY! for the Rories an' Ronalds,
The Macs o' the mountain an' glen;
The Dugalds, the Duncans an' Donalds,
The best an' the bravest o' men!

Hae ye been on the Braes o' Balquither?
Hae ye been on the mountains o' Marr?
On these blooms the haelsome brown heather,
On these grow the forests o' fir.

An' there live the louns stout an' sturdy,
The lads kilted up to the knee;
As the rocks in their mountains as hardy,
As the breeze o'er their moorlan's as free!
Then hey! for the Rories, &c.

In the cause o' their clan an' their countrie,
In defence o' the king an' the kirk;
Faith! they are the richt sort o' gentrie
To clasp the claymore an' the dirk.
Wi' frien's they are social an' civil,
An' Welcome's the host o' their shiels;
But they winna be *daur'd* by the deevil,
Wi' a' his black host at his heels!
Then hey! for the Rories, &c.

Should onie rash chiels e'er tak' on them,
To meet Mac wi' steel, stick or stane;
O! the Lord look in mercy upon them,
For I fear *her nainsel* will hae nane!
When he bares his braid sword in a fury,
An' his Slogan the Highlander howls;
Gad! they'd better be aff in a hurry,
Or say their guid words for their souls!
Then hey! for the Rories, &c.

Then toast the Black Belt an' Blue Bonnet,
An' toast ye Plaid an' the Plume;
The Tartan—God's blessin' be on it,
An' them wha that auld garb assume.
An' here's to the hills o' the heather,
An' here's to the braes o' the broom;
Auld Scotland, ae end to the ither,
I'll toast till the bicker is toom!
Then hey! for the Rories, &c.

A SONG.

AIR—"*We'll gang nae mair to yon town.*"

THERE lives a lass in yon town,
Yon bonnie bro' aside the sea;
She's dear to a' in yon town,
But oh! she's doubly dear to me!

I've seen afore a face as fair,
I've seen afore a form as fine;
But never wi' the wicked air,
That thieved the heart that *ance* was mine.
The magic o' that air wad move
The proudest heart to wait her will;
That wi' the lure an' links o' love,
A captive caught an' keeps me still!

Sae gang na near to yon town,
Or ye may meet wi' meikle wae;
But gin ye maun to yon town,
Tak cannie tent the gate ye gae!

I've coft a ring in yon braw town,
I've coft a ring o' guinea gow'd;
An' I will see young Jeanie soon,
For we've a secret something vow'd:
But what may be atween us twa,
Nae ane beside oursels shall ken;
Yet something soon may like befa'—
It mak's na what—it mak's na when!

ALLOA ALE.

Awa' wi black Brandy, red Rum, and blue Whisky,
An' bring me the liquor as brown as a nut;
O! Alloa Ale ye can mak a chiel frisky,
Brisk, faeming an' fresh frae the bottle or butt.
An' awa wi' your wines—they are dull as moss water,
Wi' blude colour'd blushes, or purple, or pale;
Guid folks gif ye wish to get fairer and fatter,
Then aye weet your weasans wi' Alloa Ale.

Gif ye wish healthie habits an' wad be lang livers,
Then spirituous drinks ye s'oud never fash wi';
But Alloa Ale ye may drink it in rivers,
An' the deeper ye drink, aye the better ye'll be,
Sae potent as physic its virtues are valued,
They daily wha drink look hearty an' hale;
O! ye a' hae heard tell o' a Balm got in Gilead,
Tak' my word for't 'twas naething but Alloa Ale!

Then countrymen croud roun' the bizzin' ale bicker,
An' waur na on whisky your siller an' sense;
Nae gate ye'll fa' in wi' the like o' this liquor,
That thro' body an' saul can sic vigour dispense.
Let nae Brandy-biber scare you wi' his scoffin,
At prudence in drink—till he tire lat him rail;
Ilka dram that he drinks is a nail in his coffin,
But you'll lenthen your life-lease wi' Alloa Ale.

Gie big-bellied John Bull his pot fu' o' Porter,
Which is far frae a wa'-cast, weel worth its fair fame,
But Paddy prefers something sharper an' *shorter*,
An' I'm sorry to say it, some Scots do the same.
For hielan' bred Donald, an' laigh countrie Sannock,
Wad baith be the better an tend to my tale;
Aye dine on the Kebbuck—Kale Brose an' Bear Bannock,
An' drink when they're drouthie the Alloa Ale!

THE CAMANACHD. [14]

Ye men of the mountains!—ye clansmen of Cäel!
Ye sons who inherit the souls of your sires;
Come clad in the garb to the game of the Gäel,
While the peal of the Pibroch your Highland zeal fires.
Come on to the contest—range side against side,
No dirk nor claymore to withdraw from the sheath;
But clasp ye your clubs—strive with pleasure and pride,
To be the best men in the sport of the heath.

How oft echo-tenanted forest and rock
Have rung a response to our Highland "Hurroh!"
As bounded the ball fast and far from the stroke,
Now vaulting on high—and now driven to and fro.
And on this fair plain by the brink of the Thames,
With hearts still unchanged and unchanging till death;
We will keep in good usage our national games,
As if we were yet on the hills of the heath.

Where the wing of the moor-fowl—the haunch of the deer,
In the Camanachd or chase were our mountain repast;
While the spring filled the cup to such good Highland cheer,
O! dainty's the stomach that rather would fast.
And when the dim shadows of still Gloamin fell,
Shedding gloom over all,—save our spirits, beneath,
Then high in our halls rose the song and the shell,
In praises and pledge to the sport of the heath.

O! oft we have tript the turf-carpeted ground,
With the nymphs of the north to the reel and strathspey;
And this floor will we foot while the bagpipe shall sound,
With nymphs no less lovely to look on than they!
Then come to the contest—Commun n'an fior Gäel!
For rain-fall—nor storm-blast—for blow nor for breath,
Your Camans throw down till the triumph-shout "Hale!"
Trumps truce for a while to the sport of the heath!

LASSIE LIE NEAR ME.

AIR—"*Laddie lie near me.*"

LASSIE lie near me
Nearer and nearer,
And the mair near me
Dearer and dearer!
How thy cheeks charm—love
Wi' blush and wi' blossom!
Come to my arms—love,
O! come to my bosom!
Lassie lie near me, &c.

Lang hae I wooed—Lassie
Wooed late and early,
Lang hae I lo'ed—Lassie
Deeply and dearly!
Fause can I prove—Lassie?
Never oh! never,
Leal will I love—Lassie
Fondly—forever!
Lassie lie near me, &c.

THE BEAUTY O' BALGOWNIE.

AIR—"*Loch Errochside.*"

Down by the Don there breathes a bower,
That shades as sweet—as fair a flower
As blooms beneath the sun and shower,
The Beauty o' Balgownie!
The morning light, the evening shade,
Heav'n on a bonnier bud ne'er laid:
Weel may they ca' thee—lovely maid!
The Beauty o' Balgownie.

Benorth the Grampian hills there are
Twa streams that wander wide and far;
Thro' woody Monnymusk and Marr,
By Banchory and Balgownie.
Whare'er the rambling waters rove,
Nae nymph they view in glen or grove,
Sae worth the minstrel's lay and love
As the Beauty o' Balgownie.

The rose may blush its deepest dye,
The bean may breathe its sweetest sigh;
In blush or breath they come na nigh
The Beauty o' Balgownie.
There's hinney on her smiling mou',
Weel worth an angel's kiss I trow;
Love's star's her e'e o' bonnie blue,
The Beauty o' Balgownie.

Ye holy hours o' shade and sleep,
When zephyrs sigh and wild-flow'rs weep!
O! haste that I my tryst may keep
Wi' the Beauty o' Balgownie.
Then—then thro' garden-walk and grove,
The whisper'd word—the look o' love!
A heav'n on earth we her I'll prove
The Beauty o' Balgownie!

SONG.

'Tis fair, indeed, in the simmer sun,
To look on the lift an' lea;
An' dear is the first green glimpse o' land,
When lang we hae sail'd the sea:
But far mair fair, an' doubly dear
Than these, or aught can prove,
Are the meeting smile, an' the parting look
O' the fair young face we love.

O! sweet is the sang o' the bonnie birds,
That wauk an' hush the day;
An' sweet the soun' whare the fountain-falls
O'er the pebbles wildly play:
But the Cherub's chaunt to the harp o' heaven,
Like it sae melt an' move;
The kindly voice, an' the truelove vow,
O' the leal young lass we love.

O! rich to the zephyr's wooing sigh
Are the newly blossomed bowers;
An' sweet to the taste o' the dronin' bee,
Are the clover's crimson flowers;
But O! mair rich than the balmiest gale,
That breathed through Eden's grove,
Mair sweet than the kame in the hinney skep,
Is the kiss on the lips we love!

YOUNG JOCK O' FORESTHA'.

THE morning glints wi' gowden e'e,
An' dichts the dew frae blade and bloom,
Fair smile the vales o' Don and Dee,
Whare gaily flowers the bonnie broom;
But morning canna gar the gloom
That sorrow spreads to wear awa',
That mourns the sad, untimely doom
O' Jock, the pride o' Forestha'.

He grew like yon young graceful pine,
That bodes to be a stately tree;
His heart was lithe's the simmer shine,
That wauks the wild bird's hymn on hie.
Whare'er he gaed there aye was glee,
He won guidwill frae great an' sma';
An' wae's ilk heart, an' wat's ilk e'e,
For Jock, the pride o' Forestha'.

Aneath the auld an' grey grave-stane,
Whare yonder yew the dew-tear dreeps;
At night, when a' to rest are gane,
Pale visaged grief her vigil keeps;
The mother wails—the maiden weeps,
The son and lover wede awa',
O! monie mourn whare soun'ly sleeps,
Young Jock, the pride o' Forestha'!

PRESTONPANS.

AIR—"*Bauldy Fraser.*"

LOUD peal'd the pipes by Prestonpans
The gatherin' o' the kilted clans,
The braid claymores their Hielan han's
Held firm for young Prince Charlie.
The royal reg'ments frae Dunbar,
That them had followed wide an' far,
Drew near to try the wark o' war
Wi' clansmen, chief, an' Charlie.

The rebels on the red-coats ran,
An' clos'd in conflict, man to man;
O! then the bluidie fray began,
For Geordie an' for Charlie.
The bagpipe's birr—the trumpet's toot,
The cannon's rair—the musket's root
Rose wi' the slogan an' the shout,
For Geordie an' for Charlie.

Sune settled was that dreadfu' day,
Whare thousan's fill'd a thankless fray,
An' monie maim'd an' lifeless lay,
For Geordie an' for Charlie.
For cowardie Cope fleg-palsied fled,
He fear'd to fill a bluidie bed,
Then the white rose triumph'd o'er the red,
An' fortune smil'd on Charlie.

That day the Forth's embattled bank,
The bluid o' brav'ry deeply drank,
O' loyal line, an' rebel rank,
For Geordie an' for Charlie.
But never mair within our land,
May discord draw the battle brand,
Whaever hauds the high command,
A Geordie or a Charlie!

EVENTIDE.

THE dew-drops glitter on the grass,
And sparkle on the spray;
The balmy zephyrs rise and pass
Like lovers' sighs away!
It is the time I love to be
By wood or water side;
For dearer far than morn to me
Art thou sweet Eventide!

Now 'neath the Even's favouring shade,
The youth and maiden meet;
When love and beauty's vows are made,
So solemn, fond, and sweet!
When eye and ear are sealed in sleep,
Where none may chase and chide;
The burdened heart now wakes to weep
Its woes at Eventide!

Far from the world's care-trodden ways,
I seek some lonely shade;
To muse upon departed days,
And friends the far—the dead!
Tho' grief-fraught thoughts now heave my heart,
Than noonday's golden pride,
Or purple morn, more dear thou art—
Grey mantled Eventide!

VERSES ON LORD BYRON.

All dreamless and deep in the sepulchre slumbers
The bard on whose like we shall ne'er look again![15]
He is gone from our gaze—but his name and his numbers
Shall live in the love and the memories of men.
From all minstrels the palm—from all mankind the praises,
He won by a brief but a brilliant career;
And the wail of the world now his requiem raises,
While Freedom sobs loud o'er her champion's bier.

O! England be proud, for till Time's tide assuages,
Thy lyre shall be loved for the songs of thy son;
And seek the wide world—search the annals of ages,
What one a more glorious garland hath won?

But thou oh! fair Greece may'st the deepest deplore
him,
Where the pilgrim-bard worshipped at Poesy's
shrine;
Lift the voice of lament and of gratitude o'er him,
His hopes, griefs, and love—classic country! were
thine!

Peace—peace to his manes!—to his memory glory!
O! light lie the turf on his cold shrouded clay!
Praise will swell at his strains—tears will fall at his
story,
Till the eve of eternity darken Time's day.
Like a meteor at midnight in speed and in splendour
He passed—but this thought shall his weeping
land cheer,
That he lived for liberty—died to defend her,
All great as the Patriot, Poet, and Peer!

THE MARINER'S SONG.

GAILY we go o'er the salt blue seas,
And the wave breaks white before us;
The crouded canvass bends to the breeze,
And home points the pennant o'er us.
Speedily—speedily bound we on,
As if with the wind contending;
Now high the heaving surge upon,
Now its yawning gulphs descending.

Our ship spreads wide her snowy wing,
Like another bird of ocean;
And she shapes her way like a living thing,
Of graceful make and motion.
Then speed thee! speed my home-bound bark!
Still thy native harbour nearing;
Soon the white cliff'd isle shall the mariner mark,
O'er the azure deep appearing.

Yet no charms for me hath the fairest vale,
Like the wilderness of waters;
When the vessel stoops to the fresh'ning gale,
And the spray around her scatters!
Then may the hammock my death-bed be,
And my grave beneath the billow;
There as well will I anchor under the lee
Of the wave, as of the willow!

A SONG.

Hae ye mark'd the modest moss-rose,
  First op'ning to the view;
Hae ye mark'd the blushing blossom,
  Droop in the morning dew?
Like my young lassie's beauty,
  It blooms sae bonnilie;
Just like her bashful blushes,
  O' maiden modestie.

Hae ye viewed the virgin lily
  On its emerald stem—as white
As a maiden's bridal vestments,
  As an angel's robes o' light?
But white is my luve's bosom
  As the new fa'en flake o' snaw;
And warm within is that bosom,
  Whare love sways sovereign law.

Hae ye heard at eve the merlin,
Within the greenwood grove:
Or the laverock—morning's minstrel,
Hymn on hie its lilt o' love.
O! there's nae a bird in the bower,
Nor ane that scales the sky!
Tho' it chants the notes o' nature,
Wi' my luve's voice can vie.

O! fair to the holy pilgrim
Is the heav'n-revealing trance;
And dear to the chain-bound captive
Is the day of deliverance.
But fairer far and dearer
Are Annie's looks and love;
On earth my joy and blessing,
And my hope in heaven above!

A BATTLE SONG.

Arm! arm for the battle, ye brave!
Hark! hear ye the trumpet and drum;
On rank after rank, as the wave follows wave—
For the foes of our country are come:
Let your banners wave broad on the wind,
Send your shout of defiance before ye;
Up soldier and citizen, arm! on!—and bind
Your brows with bright garlands of glory!

Away woman's heart-soft'ning charms,
And dash down the banqueting bowl,
Our country calls on us—brave comrades! to arms
Now dedicate sinew and soul.
We have pray'rs from the lips that we love,
They are sighed from the bosoms of beauty:
Then worthy their love and our land let us prove,
When summon'd to danger and duty.

Shout your war-cry "Our freedom or death!"
And swear by the weapons ye wield—
By the last drop of blood—by the last draught of breath,
Ye never to bondage will yield.
On! on to the sabre-strife then,
Where the gun-blasts and balls reek and rattle;
For your freedom and father-land quit you like men:
On, on! hark! the bugle—to battle!

THE ROSE OF SEATON VALE.

A BONNIE Rose bloom'd wild and fair,
As sweet a bud I trow
As ever breath'd the morning air,
Or drank the ev'ning dew.
A zephyr lov'd the blushing flow'r,
With sigh, and fond love-tale;
It wooed within its briery bow'r
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

With wak'ning kiss the zephyr prest
This bud at morning light;
At noon it fann'd its glowing breast,
And nestled there at night.
But other flow'rs sprang up thereby,
And lured the roving gale;
The zephyr left to droop and die
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

A matchless maiden dwelt by Don,
Lov'd by as fair a youth;
Long had their young hearts throbb'd as one,
Wi' tenderness and truth:
Thy warmest tear soft Pity pour—
For Ellen's type and tale
Are in that sweet, ill-fated flow'r,
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

ENGLAND.

"England! with all thy faults, I love thee still."
COWPER.

FAIR isle of my fathers! my bosom—my birth,
Thrice welcome! the wanderer's haven of rest;
Land! that look'st, with thy white-border'd, em'rald-green earth,
A rare jewel, brooch'd on the blue ocean's breast:
Though myrtle, nor palm-tree, thine island scenes vest,
No vale-purpling vine-yard—no gold orange-grove,
And cold though thy clime on the waves of the west,
Yet, England! thou still art the land of my love.

If the shores of the South more luxuriant be,
Thou of Freedom's unquenchable flame art the hearth,
That makes thee, O England! as lovely to me,
As if thou wert even the garden of earth.
Yes! yon sun, as he looks on thee—land of my birth!
On thy corn-gilded hills, and thy flock-whiten'd plains,
Surveys not a race scourged by fever or dearth,
Nor slavery sweat on a despot's domains.

Long and far have I roam'd from thee—many a mile,
Yet ne'er was affection unlink'd from thy land,
For oft memory mused on the chalk-coasted isle,
In the waters whose kingdom thy children command.
And aye may the sea-sceptre honour thy hand,
Still wealth and worth make thee the envy of earth,
Be forever the stronghold of Freedom thy strand,
Fair isle of my Fathers!—my bosom!—my birth!

KATHERINE AND DONALD.

YOUNG Donald dearer lov'd than life,
The proud Dunallan's daughter;
But, barr'd by feudal hate and strife,
In vain he lov'd and sought her.
She lov'd the Lord of Garry's glen,
The Chieftain of Clanronald;
A thousand plaided highland men,
Clasped the claymore for Donald.

On Scotland rush'd the Danish hordes,
Dunallan met his foemen;
Beneath him bared ten thousand swords,
Of vassal, serf, and yeomen.
The fray was fierce—and at its height
Was seen a visored stranger,
With red lance, foremost in the fight,
Unfearing Dane and danger.

"Be praised—brave knight!—thy steel hath striv'n
"The sharpest in the slaughter;
"Crave what thou wilt of me—though ev'n
"My fair—my darling daughter!"
He lifts the visor from his face—
The Chieftain of Clanronald!
And foes enclasp in friends' embrace,
Dunallan and young Donald.

Dunallan's halls ring loud with glee—
The feast-cup glads Glengarry;
The joy that should forever be,
When mutual lovers marry.
The shout and shell the revellers raise,
Dunallan and Clanronald;
And minstrel measures pour to praise
Fair Kath'rine and brave Donald!

BANNOCKBURN.

AIR—"*Lord Balgownie's favourite.*"

"Yet mourn not, land of fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came:
Oft may thy annals justly boast
Of battles stern, by Scotland lost:
Grudge not her victory,
When for her free-born rights she strove,
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!"

SCOTT.

NEAR Stirling's town, by Fortha's wave,
The rising sun its radiance gave,
Upon the armour of the brave,
That burn'd for battle splendidly.
And Scotland, by that soaring sun
Beheld her brightest day begun,
Her greenest wreath of glory won,
By deeds of dauntless bravery.

On Bannockburn's tent-bounded field,
The ranks of war were rang'd, to wield,
With hostile hand the sword and shield,
For conquest, or for liberty!

How gaily glanc'd that field—before
Began the battle's rage and roar!
But deep the ground was dy'd with gore,
Ere clos'd the dreadful revelry.
The polish'd mail, and plume of snow,
Mark'd many a knightly breast and brow—
For warriors' gaze a goodly show,
The chosen men of chivalry!
As rose the war-shout wide and high,
"St. George!" for Edward was the cry,
And Scotland's host rang bold reply,
"St. Andrew! and our liberty!"

Then clos'd the conflict deep and dread!
Then foe met foe, and blade met blade;
And, with the dying and the dead,
Fast thinn'd the ranks of rivalry!
But fast the Southrons fell and fled,
Where Bruce—brave Bruce!—his patriots led,
And Scotland's lion rampant—red,
Pawed proudly on to victory!

Then let us hail that day's return,
That English Edward made to mourn;
Fair bloom the field of Bannockburn—
God guard our land and liberty!

THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

AN IMITATION.

At night's sable noon as we dashed through the deep,
On my cabin-swung couch I had laid me to rest;
Then sweet was the vision I saw in my sleep,
And dear were the raptures with which I was blessed.
Methought to the clime of my kindred again,
After years had elapsed, I from far had returned;
And to meet was such joy, as to part had been pain,
For my absence from them had been mutually mourned.

With the hand-grasp of Friendship, Affection's fond kiss,
The sweet voice of welcome, the glad meeting gaze;
O! words cannot utter the banquet of bliss,
That richly repaid me for lost later days.

Then sought we the scenes on the brook's flowery
banks,
We had haunted in childhood so frequent and fain;
And fondly we thought of our playful young pranks,
And we talked of them over and over again!

The feast-cup went round—songs of gladness arose,
Deep with the blithe dance bent the floor to our feet;
And deeming all ended my wand'rings and woes,
My heart leapt within me in ecstasies sweet!
But ah! ere the light of the gold morning beam,
From the wave's crystal chambers had ushered
the day;
How fair and how dear, and how false was the dream,
That broke with my slumber and vanished away!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE FRIENDS FAR AWA'.

HERE'S a health to the friends far awa'!
Whose absence this moment we mourn;
And we'll pray with our offering that fair be their fa',
And speedy their welcome return!
Then oh! for the sake o' *lang syne*,
We'll hae a blithe night—may be twa;
And if this were water, as thank God!—it's wine,
Here's a health to the friends far awa'!

Here's to *some* here-about and awa'!
Whom there's nae occasion to name;
The fairest—the fondest! ilk ane kens best wha,
Tho' we'll likely nae a' think the same.
When memory mirrors sae bright,
The lassie we lo'e abune a';
O! wha wadna drink wi' gudewill and delight,
Here's to some here-about and awa'!

And drink to the dead! they wha now,
'Neath the gerse and the gowan sleep soun';
With the gush of the goblet the fond tear will flow,
As the sad silent tribute gaes roun'!
Yet still vain regretting forbear,
And quick!—fill the cup ane and a';
For the lassie we lo'e—for the friends now nae mair,
And a health to the folks far awa!

YOUNG JOCKEY.

THE laverock lo'es to climb the clouds,
Wi' matin-hymn to heaven;
The merlin's vesper wauks the wood's
Wild echo-choir at even.
Tho' sweet your sangs—ye bonnie birds!
That chant at eve so early;
Mair sweet to me his hinney words,
The lad that lo'es me dearly.

Tho' fair to mark the morning-rise,
Gie me the scene an' season;
When eve's cloud-curtain screens the skies,
Ye weel may guess the reason.
O! then on feelings feasts my heart,
The sweetest—the sincerest;
The thrill to meet—the throb to part
Wi' him that I lo'e dearest!

Love's light blinks thro' young Jockey's e'e,
Love's lowe burns in his bosom;
An' he has gi'en his heart to me,
For ane that fondly lo'es him.
Thro' youth an' eild—in weal an' woe,
Our love shall change nor wearie;
For Jockey is my true-love jo,
An' I'm his dearest dearie!

THE QUAICH.

AIR—"*Push about the jorum.*"

LET gentles guzzle wash o' wine,
In gold and silver vessels,
May never waur be yours nor mine,
Than this to weet our whistles.
O! leeze me on the lugget caup—
The bonnie girded bicker;
And never may it want a drap
O' native Highland liquor:

CHORUS.

Fill high the Quaich! fill—fill it up!
Gold goblets—wha wad heed them,
Beside our country's oaken cup
O' friendship and o' freedom!

What cup sae clears the muddled pate—
Sae cheers the heavy-hearted?
O! what sae heightens mirth when met,
Or softens grief when parted?—
Weel can the Quaich grief's dewy e'e
Dry wi' the glance o' gladness;
An' gar the voice laugh loud wi' glee,
That late saib'd loud wi' sadness!
Then fill the Quaich, &c.

An' may our Quaich, when Friendship sips,
Be balm, in joy or sorrow;
An' poison be it to the lips
That Friendship's voice but borrow!
O! never in our passive view
The wine-grape's blood shall stain it:
An' bathe its brim wi' *mountain dew*—
Wha but a Scot daur drain it?
Then fill the Quaich, &c.

O! never drouth—my boozin' bowl!
Thy girded ribs shall gizzen,
While friends forgather cheek by chowl,
To weet the mou an' weason;

An' though the fates were sworn my foes,
I'll jog through life fu' frisky,
While I've a bicker for my brose,
A Quaich an' fouth o' whisky.
Then fill the Quaich, &c.

THE THREE NATIONS.

Fill high the banquet cup!
True Britons, drink it up:
Dew to your Shamrocks, your Thistles, and Roses.
Blood from our bosoms all
Would for those blossoms fall,
Ere foeman's hand part our national posies!

Throne of the ocean realm!—sworn foe of slavery—
England! on field and flood thou dost thy duty;
Thou art a glorious country for Bravery—
Thou art an angel-land truly for Beauty!
Gem of the western wave! Wit's bright and merry land—
Emerald-green Erin! warm bosoms thou bearest:
Alps of the north—Scotia! Poesy's faery-land,
Thy children cope with the bravest and fairest!
Fill high the banquet cup! &c.

England and Erin in love aye your fair lands join
With Caledonia—lowlands and highlands;
Fair and forever your triple-flower garlands twine—
Glory's sun gild the imperial islands!
Where the death-bolts from the cannon's throat rattle out—
Where the wine brims the bowls—blithe hearts around them,
Be they our banquet song—be they our battle shout;
Midst of friends—midst of foes—loud will we sound them!
Fill high the banquet cup! &c.

A FRAGMENT.

THE Winter, in white moor and mountain hath shrouded,
And deep, in a grave of snow, buried the vale;
With seeming of sorrow the cold sky is clouded,
As the moaning blasts wake nature's funeral wail;
The wroth maniac winds, with hysteric howl scatters
The feath'ry snow-fragments, so thickly that fall,
O! the tree's naked branches—the ice-prison'd waters
Proclaim Winter's ravage and reign over all.

Of garden and bower—the fair leaf and flower,
That late in the zephyr's sport flaunted so gay,
The blight-dew hath nipt them—the storm-blast hath stript them—
Like the hopes of my heart they have wither'd away!
Yet the earth's womb doth nourish the seed that will flourish
In bloom, like the blighted, so fragrant and fair:
But no more in this bosom the gay buds will blossom
That sprung in Hope's sunshine, to die in despair!

STANZAS.

WHEREVER I rest, wherever I roam,
And the fairest countries seeing,
Still my spell-bound spirit holds its home
In the land that gave me being:
Where my footsteps first essayed to stray,
Ere care could my young heart cumber:
O! that land is my fondest thought by day,
And my sweetest dream in slumber!

Fair France! I have view'd thy gay domains,
In the summer's brightest beaming;
Where thy silver Seine, through the purpling plains
Of clustering vines is streaming.
But give me the glen where bounds the brook
O'er the rocks of giant stature;
O! there may the pilgrim of poesie look
On the naked face of nature!

Should I close my days on a foreign strand,
And a friend by my death-bed sighing,
O! carry my corse to mine own dear land,
Where my fathers' bones are lying—
And lay me down by the grey headstone
Where they sleep sound and lowly—
Where the willow weeps, and the ivy creeps,
So wild—so melancholy!

Then kindred hearts may swell o'er my sod,
In fond remembrance there;
As they seek each Sabbath the house of God,
To offer praise and prayer:
And on my grave, at the eve-tide hour,
When the dew gems blade and blossom,
May the sweet tears fall, fond feelings pour,
From their fount in Beauty's bosom!

GLENLIVAT.

Spirit of Spirits!—glorious Glenlivat!
Yclept Peat Reek—alias the Barley Bree;
Accept my sonnet freely as I give it,
Thou Northern nectar—Scotland's *eau de vie!*

Divinest essence of all drinks divine,
Thou helicon of Scottish poesie;
Before a Highland still thy holy shrine,
Thy thirsty pilgrim fain would praise and *prie*.

Heart's blood of the long-bearded King of Grain,
John Barleycorn!—right royal stream—'twas thou
Inspired the matchless Poet of the Plough;
What sober Bard sings now so sweet a strain?

At tavern table—yea on *dais* or *divot*,
Devoutly will I drink thee—guid Glenlivat!

BALGOWNIE.

AIR—"*The Banks of the Devon.*"

YE woodlands and waters o' bonnie Balgownie!
My day-thoughts and dreams still your beauty retain;
In childhood ye owned, and in manhood still own ye,
His heart who now longs to behold you again.
Ye zephyrs o' simmer in quest o' sweets roamin',
Say are ye sae richly rewarded elsewhere?
And ye dew-tears that drap frae the grey e'e o' Gloamin',
Kiss ye ever bonnier blossoms than there?

There monie a time hae I gather'd the gowans,
As wi' childhood's companions I wandered at will;
There aft I the mountain ash reeved o' the rowans,
And pou'd the red cranberries wild on the hill.

Aft by Kettock's Mill where the whin bushes blossom,
Fair Powis' fir hills—Granholm's pleasant green plain;
And Seaton—sweet Seaton! thy bowery bosom
Enraptured! I've rambled again and again!

How lovely thy look gilded by the sun's noonbeam,
Sweet vale! when thy woods were their garments o' green;
And when silvered thy knowes wi' the calm midnight moonbeam,
There the fairy and elfin are said to be seen.
Ye woodlands and waters o' bonnie Balgownie!
Scenes rambled wi' pleasure—remembered wi' pain;
In childhood ye owned, and in manhood still own ye,
His heart who now longs to behold you again!

GUID NIGHT! AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'!

Guid night! an' joy be wi' you a'!
Since it is sae that I maun gang;
Short seemed the gate to come—but ah!
To gang again as wearie lang.
Sic joyous nights come nae sae thrang,
That I sae sune sou'd haste awa';
But since its sae that I maun gae,
Guid night! an' joy be wi' you a'!

This night I ween we've had the heart,
To gar auld Time tak' to his feet;
That maks us a' fu' laith to part,
But aye mair fain again to meet!
To dree the winter's drift an' weet
For sic a night is nocht ava;
For hours the sweetest o' the sweet—
Guid night! an' joy be wi' you a'!

Our bald-pow'd daddies here we've seen,
In younker revels fidgin' fain;
Our grey-hair'd grannies here hae been,
Like daffin hizzies young again!
To monie a merrie auld Scots strain,
We've deftly danced the time awa':
We met in mirth—we part wi' pain,
Guid night! an' joy be wi' you a'!

My nimble grey neighs at the yett,
My shouthers roun' the plaid I throw;
I've clapt the spur upon my buit,
The guid braid bonnet on my brow!
Then night is wearin' late I trow—
My hame lies monie a mile awa;
The mair's my need to mount an' go,
Guid night! and joy be wi' you a'!

Bring me the deoch a'n dorus' gill,
'Twill light a bouit in my e'e;
Tho' mirk—nae fear that I gang will,
Drink doubly an' I'll doubly see.
Young lads an' lasses tent ye me,
As hame ye daunder twa an' twa;
Love guide your gate—blin' tho' he be!—
Guid night! an' joy be wi' you a'!

THE GATHERING.

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie:
Down from the mountain steep—
Up from the valley deep—
Out from the Clachan, the Bothy, and Shieling,
Bugle and battle-drum,
Bid chief and vassal come,
Bravely our bagpipes the Pibroch is pealing!
Rise! rise! &c.

Men of the mountains!—descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
Say, shall the Southron—the Sassenach fear us
When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?

Too long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls,
Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;
Seize then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemarr, and Braedalbin!
Rise! rise! &c.

When hath the Tartan Plaid mantled a coward?
When did the Blue Bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald Macdonald!
Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on!
Rise! rise! &c.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE is a pain with friends to part,
Though we may meet again to-morrow;
And if for years—the troubled heart
Is filled with boding fears, and sorrow:
But oh! what words—what tongue can tell,
Ah! scarce can tears—the pang to sever
When lovers sob the sad farewell,
And that farewell, alas!—forever!

What blissful feelings thrill each heart
When met again, fair fortunes under,
The friends fate long kept wide apart,
But never more shall tear asunder.
Yet oh! ten thousand times more sweet
Love's raptures, to the constant hearted,
Who—save in soul—long severed, meet,
And never—never to be parted!

THE LAND OF THE LEEK.

WRITTEN FOR A CELEBRATION OF ST. DAVID'S DAY.

Ye sons of the Cymry, devoutly this day,
At the shrine of your saint, filial reverence pay;
Yet not with monk-mummery, vain and demure,
But with glee and good fellowship, pleasant and pure.
The blushing wine-bowl as ye lift to the lip,
Deep—deep be the draught to St. David ye sip,
No incense but this doth his Holiness seek
On his festival day, from the Land of the Leek.

In the days of the Druid, our altars reek'd, red
With the warm blood a barbarous priesthood then shed;
Till a herald of heaven bade their horrid rites cease,
And proclaimed the glad tidings of Zion and peace!
The same was St. David, through whose holy faith
Dispell'd was the darkness of Druid and death:
Now in war ever manly—in peace ever meek,
The Children of Light tread the Land of the Leek.

Ever bless'd be the Land where the mountain goats
bleat,
Where, with Albion's oldest blood, proud bosoms
beat;
Ever fair bloom the vallies so sacred to song,
Whose echoes the native Harp's numbers prolong;
Ever free be the hills of the valiant and true,
Whom the sword of the Saxon could never subdue,
Where big Cader Idris, and Snowdon's proud peak
Rest the clouds as they pass o'er the Land of the
Leek!

From his wild mountain Land can a Cambrian roam,
And forget the warm feelings so hallowed to home?
No—regret and regard, should he distant depart,
Will oft stir the strings of his harp and his heart!
Yes! though fair smile his fortunes—the hills of his
birth
He will love to the last—to the ends of the earth!
While memory's tear oft shall moisten his cheek,
Well'd warm from his heart for the Land of the Leek!

HIGHLAND WHISKY.

AIR—"*Niel Gow's farewell to Whisky.*"

YE bards that croon in Scotia's choirs,
Wha music mak' frae win' an' wires,
Come rax your lungs an' rouse your lyres
In praise o' Highland Whisky O!
Screw up your pegs—your whistles weet,
An' lilt a sang baith loud an' sweet,
To roose wi' commendation meet
The guid auld Highland Whisky O!

Frae Solway sands to Pentland firth,
The favoured land that boasts its birth;
What changes mourning into mirth
Like guid auld Highland Whisky O!
Whare cronies, by the chimla cheek,
When cauld, their cuits an' bosoms beek,
Those wi' peat lowe, these wi' *peat reek*,
The guid auld Highland Whisky O!

Depend na on the doctor's skill,
His powder, potion, or his pill;
For black draught tak' the *blue*—a gill
O' guid auld Highland Whisky O!
Nae dose o' drugs is half sae guid,
To clear the brain, or cleanse the bluid;
It does for physic, drink, and fuid,
The guid auld Highland Whisky O!

Gie Don an' Seignor port an' sack;—
Gie Munseer champaigne an' cognac;—
Gie Negroes rum—Nabobs arrack;—
Gie us guid Highland Whisky O!
An' Hollan's gin's but tasteless trash;
Wi' sic your Mynheer Vans may fash:
O! leeze me on the Ferintosh,
An' guid Glenlivat Whisky O!

Dear Land o' Cakes, lang may'st thou brew
The barley bree—thy mountain dew;
May still an' stoup rin fast an' fu'
Wi' native Highland Whisky O!
An' while I've pith to strike the string,
An' toom the quaich—I'll loudly sing,
Till hills an' heav'ns responsive ring
The praise o' Highland Whisky O!

HOGMANAE. [16]

AIR—"*Blithe, blithe, and merry was she.*"

CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe we meet thegither,
Here to haud our Hogmanae;
Blithe, blithe wi' ane anither,
Here we'll hail the New Year's day!

To sit an' sing the auld year out,
To dance an' drink the young year in,
The cuif is crazed beyond a doubt;
Wha daurs to ca' the same a sin.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

Anither year is on the verge
Of unexplored eternitie;
Its funeral feast an' dying dirge,
The cog an' chorus'd sang shall be!
Blithe, blithe, &c.

All—all conceiv'd in woman's womb
Must die!—the priests an' prophets say;
Yet, if we travel to a tomb,
To smooth the road's the wisest way!
Blithe, blithe, &c.

There's some will preach, an' some will pray,
And gie a sermon for a sang;
An' what I here may sing or say,
I'm sure the kirk can scarce ca' wrang.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

Tak' tent o' time ye ne'er-do-weels,
An' keep through coming years frae ill;
Ye wha were aye guid doin' chiels,
Try gif ye can do better still.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

For monie here may sink to sleep,
Shroud-sheeted on their couch o' clay,
Ere folks forgather neist to keep
The festal night o' Hogmanae!
But blithe, blithe, &c.

An' they wha Death's dark vale hae cross'd;
The lov'd in life—deserv'dly dear!
Now to their manes' we'll drink a toast—
Now to their mem'ries drap a tear!
Tho' blithe, blithe, &c.

But weesht! the knock's deep knell I hear,
'Tis twal—the young year enters earth;
O! blithe may we be at its bier,
As we hae now been at its birth!
Blithe, blithe, &c.

BESSIE.

AIR—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

KEN ye—O! ken ye the Brig o' Balgownie,
Whare the deep Don winds its steep bordered stream?
There lives a lassie as blithe an' as bonnie
Even as the smile o' the May-morning beam.
Weel do I ken my true-love's bield an' bower,
Blin'-fauld I'd find the gate brawlie I ween;
Beauty and love are my dearie's rich dower,
Blithesome young Bessie, near auld Aberdeen.

On her fair face Beauty's twin-roses blossom—
Love's glamour-light glances through her blue e'e;
Lithe is her leal heart, that beats in a bosom
White as the wing's down that fans the saut sea.

Fair is she favour'd in step and in stature;
O' a' that I see, an' o' a' I hae seen,
There's nae nymph sae honours the wark-hand o' Nature
As blithesome young Bessie, near auld Aberdeen.

Cleed her fair form in the plainest o' plaidens,
Haith! but I think she looks loveliest then;
O! she is the envy o' a' the young maidens,
As she is the idol o' a' the young men!
O! cou'd the winds whisper me word frae my Bessie,
Fain wad I list to them mornin' and e'en,
An' burden them back wi' luve-tales to my lassie,—
To blithesome young Bessie, near auld Aberdeen.

THE LASS ON YTHANSIDE.

AIR—"*Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.*"

O! DEAR's the sprinkling show'r o' Spring
To budding leaf and flow'r:
And dear is zephyr's fanning wing
To Simmer's noonday bow'r.
Dear is the blossom to the bee,
Whare hinney dews abide;
Mair dear to me the thoughts o' thee,
Sweet Lass on Ythanside!

Than Ardo's braes mair wild I ween
The desert canna be;
Yet Ardo's braes, in simmer seen,
Are garden bow'rs to me.
Our trystin' tree—the bonnie brier,
There aft at e'ening-tide
Has screen'd me and my dearest dear,
The Lass on Ythanside!

And when within our wild rose-bow'r,
Her blush and breathing sigh;
Excell'd the fragrance and the flow'r,
That breathed and blossom'd nigh.
The dew about—the stars above
Her sparkling e'en outvied;
To worship heaven is to love
The Lass on Ythanside!

How mem'ry fondles o'er the past,
O' pleasure and o' pain;
Where first we met—and parted last,
Ah! ne'er to meet again.
Tho' monie a mile o' shore and sea—
Tho' worlds us baith divide,
In dream and thought I dwell with thee,
Sweet Lass on Ythanside!

FLORA M'DONALD'S FAREWELL TO THE CHEVALIER.

Away—my prince!—the boatmen wait,
To waft thee o'er the billowy brine;
Away!—and heed not Flora's fate,
Her weal and woe are twined with thine.
And never more may it be mine,
To view thee on thy father's shore;
Till favouring fate the rightful line
Of Albyn's exiled kings restore.

O! by the flood mine eyes that fills,
And by the truth tears well impart;
Still though the Stranger hath our hills,
The Stuart owns each Highland heart.
Hark! from each glen grief's accents start
Where chief and vassal weep and wail
For thee, my prince! for oh! thou art
The kinsman of the mountain Gäel.

Thy boat rests on the sandy beach,
  Thy bark rocks on the surging bay;
Away!—ere thy pursuers reach
  With fiendish shout their princely prey.
  Hark! hark, I hear the blood-hounds bay,
I see them sweep o'er down and dell;
  Lord of our hills, away!—away!
Lord of our hearts, farewell!—farewell!

PRAISE TO THE BONNET ON THE BROW.

AIR—"*The Black Watch.*"

PRAISE to the Bonnet on the brow,
The Plaid around the bosom!
Praise to the symbol-plant we show,
The Thistle's bearded blossom!
Our Highland steel—the broad claymore—
Our Plume the eagle's feather;
Each clansman's emblem proudly wore,
Broom—holly—pine, and heather!

CHORUS.

Strike up the Pibroch!—Donald Bane! [17]
Thy pipe around thee gathers;
Thy brethren of the Mountain Glen,
Sons worthy of their fathers!

Vain were the bravest hosts of Rome,
Too weak her eagle's pinion;
To reach our highest mountain home
And perch in proud dominion.
The red-haired Dane our fatal strand
Hath dearly rued assailing;
And scattered Saxons fled our land,
With shame and bitter wailing!
Strike up the Pibroch! &c.

The Scot would crouch a tyrant's knave,
The bastard! we detest him;
In life no home—in death no grave,
Amid our mountains rest him!
But shame be to his name decreed,
The coward-hearted craven;
And cast his shroudless corse to feed
The hooded crow and raven!
Strike up the Pibroch! &c.

Be ours the spirit still to spurn
At tyrant, slave and traitor;
Be ours such boast as Bannockburn—
Fate cannot give a greater!

A Wallace' soul—a Wallace' sword,
In Scotland's day of danger;
A Bruce to lead and give the word,
To save or to avenge her!
Strike up the Pibroch! &c.

Ours is the land of storm and cloud,
Where the hills of Alpine glory
Hear many a tale of Highland feud,
And lay of Border foray.
Ours is the land of wild and flood,
Of beauty, song, and bravery;
And never Scottish breath and blood
Shall warm the sons of slavery!
Strike up the Pibroch! &c.

THE BANKS OF THE BOYNE.

AIR—"*Lango Lee.*"

How blithely in boyhood I wandered and whistled,
From glowing sunrise to the day beam's decline;
For the halcyon of hope, and the dove of peace nestled
Within my young heart on the Banks of the Boyne.
But the battle-drum roll'd in our vale and our village,
And roused up the rustic to glory and pillage:
With the weapons of war, for of pasture and tillage,
With hundreds I left the sweet Banks of the Boyne.

How sweet there the scene and the music of morning,
When birds in their bowers in joyous song join;
While blossom and beam, earth and heaven adorning,
Make Paradise seem on the Banks of the Boyne.
Where zephyrs that ramble the bank and the bower,
Kiss sweetest of scent from the fairest of flower;
That nature can nourish with sunbeam and shower,
To paint and perfume the sweet Banks of the Boyne.

From the far sultry shores of the lion and leopard,
Where the coils of the serpent the palm-trees entwinè;
The weapon of war for the crook of the shepherd,
I gladly give up on the Banks of the Boyne.
Within the sweet isle where the green shamrocks blossom,
No beast of prey prowls, and no reptiles repose them;
In the land of my birth with the loved of my bosom,
Build my home—dig my grave on the Banks of the Boyne!

THE BACCHANAL TO HIS WINE-CUP.

O! WELCOME my Wine-cup, so full and so fair,
As hope in the hour of the deepest despair!
Thou art welcome in gladness—thrice welcome in grief,
The one giving rapture—the other relief!
When woe damps my bosom and darkens my brow,
How much to thy sweet spell, my Wine-cup, I owe;
Then companion and comforter! welcome thou art
To drive away dullnes, from head and from heart!

Young Beauty's soft blush whispering wooers may please,
But I am not taken with trifles like these;
The still deeper blush of the banquet wine-bowl,
A dearer delight can convey to my soul.
And the brim of a bumper I rather would kiss,
Than the lips of the loveliest Madam or Miss.
O! fond are his feelings, inspired is his verse,
Who can fully thy praises, my Wine-cup!—rehearse!

Let my cup be of crystal—of silver, or gold,
I heed not if that the *deep* draught it can hold;
I heed not its shade—and I heed not its shape,
But the deeper the draught, the more grateful the grape.
Thou sweetener of pleasure—thou soother of pain,
Thou art welcome—my Wine-cup—again and again;
And through earth, even to ether, where'er I may be,
Mayest thou be allowed to accompany me!

THE THISTLE.

THE red Rose of England blooms fair by the fountain
Where grove-branch and garden wall shield its frail form;
But Albin's green Thistle loves moorland and mountain,
The child of the desert—the nursling of storm!
The plume of her Bonnet—the pride of her bower,
And statelier stem the blue heaven's beneath
Was never yet nourish'd by sunshine and shower,
That that which we twine in our national wreath.

The delicate bloom of the grove and the garden
The hand of the husbandman cultures with care;
But thou, hardy Thistle, need'st no watchful warden,
Though thy home be a wilderness, lonely and bare.

Yet fair dost thou flourish in stem, flow'r, and stature,
And earth bears no blossom more worthy than thou—
Brave bud of the North—sturdy offspring of Nature—
To crest Caledonia's banner and brow!

Proud plant of my country!—forever then flourish,
The emblem of hardy and high-minded men;
Still may heaven and nature thy hallow'd seed nourish
Within the sweet land of the mountain and glen.
Though thy locks are of down, yet thy beard is of bristle,
And woe to the hand that thy dignity wrongs;
Then flourish forever in Scotia—thou Thistle—
The favourite flower of her soil and her songs!

But here, native bud! have we planted and own'd thee, [18]
For banquet, not battle—for friends, and not foes;
And here oft thy children will gather around thee,
A warfare to wage with their fellow-men's woes.
May the fervour of feeling beam sunshine upon thee,
And never dishonour's blight-blast come thee near;
But the prayers of the good be the breath that shall fan thee,
And the dew that descends on thee, gratitude's tear!

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

AIR—"*The Flowers of the Forest.*"

A FLOWER in beauty grew in the green bosom
Of Marr's mountain-forests, deep, dreary, and wild;
So stately a stem, and so bonnie a blossom,
That proud was the forest of such a fair child;
And it tented its treasure wi' fond care and pleasure,
Lest the blast or the beam should too fierce on it fa',
Yet fair tho' it flourish'd—by Nature's love nourish'd,
The Flower of the Forest is withered awa'!

Tho' the forest's green boughs—like the arms of affection,
Folded over this flower a shelter and shade,
Alas! all in vain was its parent-protection,
For, stung by a viper, it droop'd and decay'd!

Tho' bright smiles had sunn'd it, and fond vows had
fann'd—
Tho' Love's tears bedew'd it, vain—vain were
they a';
The bud is departed—the bower deserted—
The Flower of the Forest is wither'd awa'!

THE BROKEN HEART.

In vain!—ye fill the cup in vain,
To yield me rapture—even relief;
It will not cool my burning brain,
Nor kill the canker-worm of grief:
For all of feeling and of thought,
Its depths must drown ere I be gay;
Save Lethe's heaven-well'd waters, nought
Can memory's grief-stains wash away!

Fair Lady, nor thy seraph smile
Can set this heart from suff'ring free,
Which once thy words and looks could wile
From throbs of grief to thrills of glee!
Alas! when beauty nor the bowl
Can bid my spirit's gloom depart,
What words can soothe the hopeless soul?
What balm can heal the broken heart?

YTHANSIDE.

O! BRIGHT and pure winds Ythan's stream,
Its banks bloom wildly fair,
When summer shines with bud and beam,
Through smiling earth and air.
Though greener vales now meet my view,
My doting heart thou hast;
Sweet stream! where life's first breath I drew,
But may not heave its last!

There morning-rise to me shone sweet,
So fair the sunny noon;
And, when the merry fairies meet,
How clear the midnight moon!
But never more shall glad my gaze
Those scenes so wildly fair;
For the hopes are fled o' happier days;
Ah! fled forever mair!

Where the gliding waters gleam like light
O'er their shining path o' pearl;
Where the wild birds wing their fitful flight,
The mavis and the merle.
Where the honied heather's purple bell,
And the broom's gold blossoms vie;
'Tis *there*—'tis *there* that I would dwell,
And *there* that I would die!

THE RETURN.

FAR—far had I roamed o'er the face of the earth,
The favours of fortune I wooed, and had won them,
But when back to the country that gave me my birth,
How small was the value my heart set upon them!
Where my day-thoughts and night-visions many a time,
O'er the wilds of the desert—the depths of the ocean,
Had wafted my soul: now I came to its clime,
And I looked on its land with delight and devotion.

All above and about me was brilliant and fair
As the vale I descended, that sheltered my childhood;
There was beauty on earth—there was balm in the air,
And the music of birds filled the welkin and wildwood.

The cry of the waters that gushed o'er the rocks—
The whisper of zephyrs thro' bowers in blossom—
The low of the herds, and the bleat of the flocks,
In wild concert thrilled with sweet raptures my bosom.

As I drew nigh the village of life's morning tide,
No kind one came forth with a welcome to meet me;
And I pass'd the white cots that adorn the way-side,
Yet the visage nor voice of a kinsman did greet me.
Then I ask'd for the friends of my youth—but alas!
None found I to welcome me back o'er the billow;
Some were far—but low under the grave-stone and grass
The many slept soundly on death's dreamless pillow!

Where are ye?—where are ye? I exclaimed—when a boy,
Who to me were like brothers, so genial hearted;
Who have wept in my sorrow—rejoic'd in my joy,
And were grieved, even to death, on the day I departed!

Gone!—gone like the fond airy visions of sleep,
Like the years of my youth ye are fled, and forever;
And here, like an outcast, I wander and weep
O'er the wreck of sweet hopes, I can know again never!

YOUTH.

"The remembrance of Youth is a sigh!"

YEARS of my youth! when hope was high,
That sped on halcyon wings of joy;
Oh! oft ye make the wishful sigh,
That I were still the thoughtless boy.
Your speedy flight oft manhood mourns,
When hope sinks under crowding fears:
When life is but a path of thorns,
The world a waste—a vale of tears!

Your rainbow heaven—Health, Hope, and Joy!
Made life and nature fair and dear;
Each scene was beauty to my eye,
Each sound was music to my ear.
The beam of Hope—the balm of Health—
The Pleasure unpursued by Pain;
As they have made not worlds of wealth
Can make me half so bless'd again!

With grief I muse on what hath been,
With boding fear on what may be;
For Age can never be I ween,
What Youth—sweet Youth! hath been to me.
O! low beneath the turf and tomb,
In dreamless sleep those dear ones lie;
The first—the fondest loved! with whom
'Twas all I wished to dwell and die!

THE BANKS OF INVERURY.

AIR—"*The Banks of Allan Water.*"

By bonnie Inverury,
  Where the twa bright waters meet;
The Banks bloom wild and flowery,
  And the breeze blaws saft and sweet.
Where the bushes spread sae bowery,
  And the trysted lovers screen;
On the Banks of Inverury
  How happy hae I been!

Sweet Seine thy vales are pleasant,
  Where the white balmed lilies breathe,
And the cottage of the peasant
  The wine-grape tendrils wreathe.
Proud Thames thy plains are bowery;
  With the lime and poplar tree:
But the Banks of Inverury,
  Hae fairer sights to see.

Between the twa bright waters,
That fondly mingle there;
Dwell Beauty's blue-eyed daughters,
The fairest of the fair!
They need not dress nor dowry,
For every shady grove
On the Banks of Inverury,
Is the Paradise of Love!

Those Banks, while life possessing,
Shall be life-dear to me;
And my dying thought and blessing,
On them and theirs shall be.
There dig my grave and bury
My bones when life shall cease;
On the Banks of Inverury,
Let me repose in peace!

STANZAS.

Ah! why need I sigh for the country that bore me,
Though friendless I roam from it far, far away;
Ah! why breathe the prayer that fate may restore me,
The scenes that shone fair to the dawn of life's day.
There's no childhood companion in manhood to meet me,
No friend there to welcome, no kinsman to greet me;
The fond—the true hearted from there are departed,
And hearts once the warmest are cold in the clay!

Still with hermit-lone heart must I sojourn with strangers,
Unmissed and unmourned where my being may close,
No fears rise for me if encompassed by dangers,
No tears fall in sympathy shed o'er my woes.
The world seems a wilderness lonely and dreary,
The path of the Pilgrim is thorny and weary;
And never, oh! never, till life's thread shall sever,
Can the mansions of men yield me peace or repose.

Yet when to his rest death the wanderer gathers,
With his last wish and words may some kind one comply;
O! bury my bones in the grave of my fathers,
And hang my wild harp on the ash-tree near by!
I would rest on the breast of the country that bore me,
There—there let the grass-turf and *gowan* bloom o'er me;
And no carved stone cumber the sod of my slumber,
Few—few live to care where my cold ashes lie!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

O! HUSH thy harp!—kind minstrel hush!
Though sweet thy song and music be;
Nor yet uncourteous deem my wish,
Thy numbers should be mute for me.
But what may now of rapture sing
The mem'ry wakes of pleasures o'er,
And oh! if sorrow touch the string,
'Twill weigh my spirit more and more!

Yet if thou wilt—oh! then employ,
A strain of suff'ring sad and deep;
I may not wreathe the smile of joy,
But sigh thy song and I will weep!
The thoughts that burn my throbbing brows,
Fain my full heart would quench with tears—
And hope may dawn as Iris glows,
When the black rain-cloud disappears!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

SWEET Star whose bright and lovely beam
Shines forth from heav'n at coming night;
Than noontide glare or moonlight gleam,
Much more I love thy pensive light.
O! oft as daylight died away,
In times and scenes now fled—and far,
All lonely have I loved to stray
Beneath thy beam sweet Evening Star!

What is thy being?—whence thy birth?
Art thou—bright herald of the Even!
A beacon to the sons of earth,
To turn their thoughts and hopes to heaven?
A realm of beauty, love, and bliss,
From sin and sorrow free and far;
Another—better world than this,
Say art thou so—sweet Evening Star?

I would thou wert—bright orb of Eve!
For when my weary days shall cease,
O! thou my spirit might'st receive,
To dwell in purity and peace!
Nor may the hope be wholly vain,
That fain the Sceptic creed would mar;
Death-parted fond ones meet again
In realms like thine—sweet Evening Star!

Whate'er thou art—still oft will I
Thy worshipper at vesper raise;
Whilst blazing from the shadowy sky,
To thee my pensive thoughts and praise.
Though now ten thousand jewels gem
Heav'n's brow and bosom wide and far;
Yet none in Night's dark diadem
Can rival thee—sweet Evening Star!

FAREWELL TO THEE—MY FATHER-LAND!

FAREWELL to thee—my father-land!
Though now no home to me;
Farewell! ere parted from thy strand
My wandering feet shall be.
Ere fast through sparkling foam and spray
Of ocean's breaking swell;
Our far-bound vessel shapes her way—
My father-land—farewell!

For others in our sea-bound bark,
Upon the beach there be
Full many a wet eye—but I mark
Not one that melts for me!
Yet though I go unwept—my heart—
Much more than tongue may tell,
Feels now a bitter pang to part—
My father-land—farewell!

Yet I will bless thee mine own land!
Yea love thee, though I have
No home upon my native strand—
Fate even denies a grave.
Though those now on thy shores I see,
For me no sigh will swell;
Adieu!—adieu! to them and thee
My father-land—farewell!

Fast flies our ship before the breeze,
Like hart before the hounds;
Resistless through the rolling seas,
She swiftly—bravely bounds.
The waters widen—deep and dark—
Night draws her shadowy veil;
Speed on!—speed on my gallant bark!
My father-land—farewell!

CAMBRIA.

WRITTEN FOR A WELCH MELODY.

O! CAMBRIA my country! how much and how long
Have I sighed for this moment to greet thy loved land;
As the Arab that pants, with a fever-scorch'd tongue,
For the cool fountain gush mid the hot desert sand.
When last we were sever'd I ne'er thought this heart
Would have out-lived the pang that near rent it in twain;
Yet oh! from the dearest loved who would not part,
But for the sweet rapture of meeting again!

O! thou art the land for the lover of Song,
O! thou art the nurse of fair Nature's fond child;
And I envy him not who could wander among
Thy beauties unmoved—so majestic and wild.

Again on thy moss-cushioned cliffs let me rest,
To muse on the grandeur of mountain and glen;
For sweet are thy solitudes to the lone breast,
That rather would commune with nature than men!

O! had I the wings of a dove, and to fly
For rest o'er the earth—to its uttermost part;
Vain—vain were my search till I severed the tie,
Affection hath twined with the chords of my heart!
O! my country to nestle in thee must I come,
Where now Fate from thee all I care for, or crave,
With the friends of my youth and my bosom—a home,
And at last in the land of my Fathers—a grave!

DONALD BLU.

AIR—"*Cameron's got his wife again.*"

CHORUS.

CA' the countrie—toun an' glen,
Cot an' castle—but and ben;
Whare's the chiel that fresh or fou
Can compare wi' Donald Blu!

Donald is a hairum-scare,
Donald is a deil-ma-care;
Weel he lo'es to brew the nappie,
Better still to prie a drappie.

Donald drinks his glass wi' glee,
Lang as he can sit an' see;
When he's fresh he's nae owre civil,
When he's fou—a downright deevil!
Ca' the countrie, &c.

Speak o' toomin' mutchkin mugs,
Speak o' toomin' chappin jugs,
Speak o' toomin' twa-pint tankar's,
Thro' the bung-hole brew'rie ankars!
Donald Blu cou'd drain a vat,
And some folks say mair than that;
When he wisht a purgin' potion,
Donald Blu might drink the ocean!
Ca' the countrie, &c.

Donald Blu is *up through* born,
Thorough *nainsel,* heel an' horn;
Donald loathes the red-coat sodgers,
Ten times waur the greedy gaugers.
For the've wrought him mickle ill,
Huntin' him for *stoup* an' *still;*
But he's swift's the wind an' swifter—
Fast they run the deevil's after!
Ca' the countrie, &c.

Wha' wad Donald wish to see,
For the ferry-boat bawbee;
An' twa groats out owre at Torry
May see Donald in his glory!
Lang may ye blithe Donald Blu
Steam the maut to mountain dew,
Want or wae come near you never,
Last your life an' fame forever!
Ca' the countrie, &c.

A SONG.

CHORUS.

FARE thee weel!—sweet Vale o' Gearie;
Fare thee weel!—my dearest dearie!
Baith belov'd—yet we maun sever,
To be parted far—forever!

O! Beauty vests thy bonnie Vale,
An' Nature's grandeur robes thy mountains;
The balm o' health breathes in thy gale,
An' music murmurs frae thy fountains!
Fare thee weel! &c.

Sweet Vale! forever fair to see,
Wert thou a desert wild and drearie,
Thou'dst bloom an Eden to my e'e,
For *ae* sweet flow'r—my dearest dearie!
Fare thee weel! &c.

Without that flow'r—sweet Vale!—how vain
Thy simmer scene o' beam an' blossom;
The Rose, thysel' art proud an' fain
To wear upon thy peacefu' bosom!
Fare thee weel! &c.

To me, a wearie wilderness
Shall other vales seem—even tho' fairer;
An' never shall I love thee less,
An' nane can ever love thee dearer!
Fare thee weel! &c.

Adieu—sweet Vale!—an' oh! adieu
Thy fairest fair—my dearest dearie!
Time ne'er shall make this heart untrue
To thee an' thine—sweet Vale o' Gearie!
Fare thee weel! &c.

O MARY! MARY!—FARE THEE WEEL!

AIR—"*O Nannie! wilt thou gang wi' me?*"

O MARY! Mary!—fare thee weel!
Thy fausehood dooms that we maun part;
And never—Mary—may'st thou feel
The pang that rends thy lover's heart!
This parting mayna trouble thee—
'Twas thine to feign—but mine to feel;
And Love's lorn pilgrim far I flee—
Forever—Mary! fare thee weel!

Thy cheek o' bloom, and e'e o' light,
Are fair and bright as baith may be;
Thy bosom as the snaw-wreath, white,
And ah! I trow as cauld to me!
For thou art fause as thou art fair—
As hard thy heart as stane or steel;
And now we part to meet nae mair,
Forever—Mary! fare thee weel!

Vain—vain the tears, fast though they fa'—
They cease na wi' the pang to part;
For thoughts o' thee, when far awa',
Will feed their fount—my hopeless heart!
But tears in torrent-floods may flow,
They canna quench the flame I feel;
O! fause to love and to thy vow,
Forever—Mary! fare thee weel!

STANZAS.

HERE's a health to her with the ebon eye,
And the ringlets dark as the raven's dye,
Whose lustre sheds the sparkling light
Of the starry heavens at the deep midnight!

Fill the cup!—though it is less sweet to sip
Than the honied dew of my loveliest's lip;
Wake the lute!—though far more sweet to hear
The syren voice of my dearest dear!

O! the cheeks of bloom, and the eyes of light,
That chain the soul as they charm the sight;
Long may their lustre feed the fire
Of the minstrel's love, and the muse's lyre!

TO .....

"But 'tis done, all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still."
BYRON.

FAREWELL—farewell!—since it is so
We meet no more as we have met;
Yet, if that bliss it must forego,
O! never can my soul forget.
'Tis mine the bitter pang to know,
That I have loved and hoped in vain;
And mine the deep and during woe—
We never meet again!

Each lov'd—each lost—each heav'n-blest hour
My feasting soul with thee enjoy'd—
On each shall grief-wed memory pore,
O'er hopes decay'd, and peace destroy'd!

Each breath to sighs—my blood to tears,
May sorrow turn—but all in vain;
No comfort comes with after years—
We never meet again!

Be still, my heart!—nor sigh, nor sob
Avail thee now—for rapture's thrill
No more shall chase thy heavy throb;
My troubled heart, be still—be still!
The calm of deep and cold despair
Will hold o'er thee its sullen reign;
For thou must learn this pang to bear—
We never meet again!

Stern Fate! thou hast filled up for me,
Even to the brim, a bitter cup;
Though wormwood to my lips it be,
My loathing soul must quaff it up.
But oh! the bitterness and gall—
'Tis mine the very dregs to drain;
And this the deadliest draught of all—
We never meet again!

And thou hast fled my heart—sweet Hope!
Fair promiser of coming bliss,
Whose voice hath given me strength to cope
With many woes—but not with this!

Yet, ivy-like—fond Love will twine
Round thy deserted, ruined fane;
Though now despair succeeds thy shrine—
We never meet again!

My wounded heart no more shall taste
The healing balm thy hand bestows;
While still, within this wretched breast,
The flame of fruitless passion glows.
The word is uttered, and the deed
Is done, that cleave its core in twain;
And it must ever burn and bleed—
We never meet again!

What boots it now of bliss to speak?
Bliss, sweet and fond as soul can feel;
Of grief, whose pangs have power to break
My heart—even were its strings of steel.
For all unheeded and unheard—
Save with distrust and cold disdain—
Falls from my lips each warm-breathed word—
We never meet again!

Farewell to pleasure—peace—and thee!
Alongst the desert and the deep,
From thy fair presence must I flee,
Still—still to wander, love, and weep!

O'er many a mile of wild and wave,
I wend my pilgrimage of pain;
My resting-shrine—a distant grave—
We never meet again!

Farewell!—alas for me! until
My soul its wasted frame forsakes;
Thou wilt be present with me still,
While slumber dreams, and memory wakes.
O! for oblivion's deepest cell,
To prison thoughts and feelings vain—
But we must part—farewell!—farewell!
We never meet again!

TO . . . . . .

My artless, fond enamoured theme,
I know shall be forgiv'n;
For oh! thy heart could not condemn—
So much akin to heav'n!

O! GIN thou'lt gang awa' wi' me,
Bonnie Mary—blithesome Mary;
A happy bodie shalt thou be,
My bonnie, blithesome Mary!
Nae worldly wealth hae I for thee,
Nor even now a heart to gie,
For that thy charms hae stown frae me—
My bonnie, blithesome Mary!

For what is wealth wi' lack o' love?
Bonnie Mary—blithesome Mary;
It canna then a blessing prove,
My bonnie, blithesome Mary!

Yet were my cot a castle grand,
My wee bit craft a lairdship's land,
I'd gie thee them, wi' heart an' hand—
My bonnie, blithesome Mary!

As lang's the breath o' life is thine,
Bonnie Mary—blithesome Mary!
Thou'lt bless the day that made thee mine,
My bonnie, blithesome Mary!
Then lassie, niffer hearts wi' me,
An' oh! how happy baith shall be;
How fain to live—how laith to die—
My bonnie, blithesome Mary!

MARY.

AIR—"*The Dawtie.*"

THERE lives a young lassie,
Far down yon lang glen;
How I lo'e that lassie,
There's nae ane can ken!
O! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithfu' I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Red—red as the rowan,
Her smiling wee mow';
An' white as the gowan
Her breast and her brow!
Wi' the foot o' a fairy
She links o'er the lea;
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Where yon tall forest timmer,
An' lowly broom bow'r,
To the sunshine o' simmer
Spread verdure an' flow'r;
There, when night clouds the carry,
Beside her I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me!

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

AIR—"*Lord Braedalbin's March.*'

GLENS of the Gäel!—ye vales of my fathers,
Alps of blue Albin! dear hills of my heart,
Sad on the sea-beach an exiled band gathers,
Far and forever this day to depart.
O'er ocean's western wave
Seek we a home and grave,
Where the swarth tribes 'mid the deep forests dwell:
Then with a tearful eye,
And the heart's sob and sigh,
Land of our fathers—forever, farewell!

Shame on thee!—shame!—be thy fame like thy feelings
Woman—whose avarice, boundless and base,
Gave to the stranger our pastures and shielings,
And of their heritance 'reft thine own race:
Shame shall thy portion be—
Curses will cleave to thee;

Yet may remorse gnaw thy bosom of stone.
Vain shall regret be then—
Fruitless repentance, when
Far and forever the Gäel are gone!

Oft for thy fathers, degenerate daughter!
When their dread flaming-cross flashed wide and far,
Ours with the Slogan, the onset to slaughter,
Bravely have belted the weapons of war:
Whether to feast or fray,
Welcome and willing they.
Age-stricken sire, down to stripling son, came.
But thy unworthy heart
Tears every tie apart—
Quenched is the pride of thy house in thy shame.

Kindred and friends must be parted forever:
Ah! what affections are tortured and torn!
Lovers, the truest and fondest must sever—
Pride, for thy pleasures how many must mourn!
Spread wide the filling sail,
Vainly we weep and wail—
Swift be our speed o'er the sea billow's swell.
Cold is my highland hearth,
Lone is my place of birth:
Albin! dear Albin!—forever, farewell!

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM, WHO ACCOUNTED KISS-STEALING A CRIME AGAINST BOTH GOD AND MAN.

THOU say'st, thou sweet and lovely girl,
When thy bright eyes their lids eclipse
In sleep—when o'er thy teeth of pearl
Are softly closed thy ruby lips;

That then, if like a zephyr sly
That steals the Eve-shut rosebud's kiss,
Thy lover gently should draw nigh,
And rob from thee such secret bliss,

That thou, on being made acquainted,
Would never for that act forgive him,
And though he much and long repented,
Would never more as friend receive him.

O! do not hold a law so hard:
Thy lips—I will say this of them,
Can better with a kiss reward
Than with a cruel word condemn.

If stealing kisses be a sin,
Few—few I ween, are without taint;
How many worthy folks within
This world—would sinner be than saint.

If some unwedded, sleeping Beauty
Should tempt me to purloin a kiss,
And waking lips should do their duty—
Though sleeping, is she not *a miss?*

Suppose I should be guilty—as
I will not swear I may not be;
What law is there—or ever was,
Divine, or not, would punish me?

In Cupid's court—the verdict would
Be thus—that, sleeping or awake,
The Plaintiff her stolen kisses should
From the Defendant's lips re-take.

God's law, made known to man thro' Moses,
A tooth for tooth, as was of old:
Try me by it—though it imposes
That I restore ten—twenty-fold!

THE GREEK'S ADDRESS TO HIS SWORD.

COME forth—my falchion!—forth!
My tried and trusty one,
The deeds must now be done
That prove the patriot, and his weapon's worth.

Sword! quit thy resting-sheath—
Ye ne'er shall meet again,
Till the Turk's ruthless reign
Ends by thy edge, the battle-flag beneath.

Red rust hath dimmed thy sheen—
But soon with ruddier gore
Thy blade shall be bathed o'er,
And fame shall make thee bright as thou hast been!

Hark! to the thrilling tone!
The bugle's note of war
Sounds summons wide and far,
And to its basement shakes the Moslem's throne!

Hark!—hark! to Freedom's voice!
It dares the despot's power,
On tented field and tower,
And bids fair Hellas in new hopes rejoice.

O! God of battles, go
Forth to the field, with those
Who war with freedom's foes;
Their leader, buckler, and their spear be Thou.

Greeks! shall we purchase peace,
With slavery, woe, and shame;
For freedom and fair fame?
No! arm, and on—for glory and for Greece!

Think on Thermopylæ—
Remember Marathon,
And Salamis think on.
Who were the victors—Grecians!—who were they?

To the last draught of breath—
To the last drop of blood,
Stand as your fathers stood,
Or mingle with their sacred dust in death.

SACRED PIECES.

SACRED PIECES.

HEAVEN!

THERE is a land—a blessed land! of pleasantness and peace,
The dwelling-place of Righteousness when time and nature cease;
Where earthly sufferings are forgot, and worldly sins forgiven,
Where life and light, and blessedness eternal are—in Heaven!

O ! dark would be this vale of tears—more dark the
vale of death,
Had we no hope through godly works—no saving
trust through faith;
Where tear shall never dim the eye, nor sob disturb
the heart,
Where meet the holy and the just, and never more
to part,

And in this realm of righteousness, of loveliness and
light,
The angels with archangels in hosannahs glad unite;
And songs of saints awaken with the harps of Seraphim,
To praise the eternal King enthroned between the
Cherubim!

Thrice happy! they whose lives and death have
glorified their God,
Who, through temptation's snares, the straight and
narrow path have trod;
A crown of glory waits for them—a mansion with
the blest,
" Where the wicked cease from troubling—and the
weary are at rest!"

BLESSED ARE THEY WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

Blessed are they who die in the Lord,
For they rest them from their labours;
Who have done His will in deed and word,
To Him and to their neighbours.
The kingdom of heaven is their abode,
No more to sorrow or sever;
But hosannahs hymn to the glory of God—
They are blessed forever and ever!

But woe to the wicked!—their portion shall be
Where there shall be weeping and wailing,
And gnashing of teeth eternally,
But all shall be unavailing.
In the depths of hell the worm never dieth,
And the flame is quenched never;
Then blessed is he who on God relieth—
Yea—blessed forever and ever!

A SACRED SONG.

O! LORD, our God, to thee we raise
The voice of prayer, the song of praise;
Almighty Father, now to thee,
We lift the hand and bend the knee.
And while our hearts and tongues accord,
Give ear unto our cry, O Lord!
Where saints behold thee face to face,
In heaven thy holy dwelling place.

O! for the favoured harp of him,
Whose brows bore Israel's diadem;
O! for an angel's lip to frame
Just praises for Jehovah's name.
Yet thou, O Lord! wilt not despise
The contrite heart's pure sacrifice;
When offered to thy throne of grace,
In heaven thy holy dwelling place.

With timbrel, tabor, heart and voice,
May we in righteousness rejoice;
In all of thought, of deed, and word,
Give glory to thy name, O Lord!
And where we offer praise and pray'r,
In temple, chamber, or in air,
Hear us on high, and grant us grace
From Heaven thy holy dwelling place!

THE LAMENT OF DAVID OVER ABSALOM.

Alas! for thee, my Absalom! alas! my son! my son!
Thou dear lov'd of my doting heart, so fair to look upon!
But thou art gone—and with thee gone all joy and peace from me;
I would to God that I had died, my Absalom, for thee!

The beauty of Bathsheba sate upon thy youthful brow;
Alas! to know what thou hast been, and see what thou art now!
For comely was thy countenance, and stately was thy form,
But now all cold and colourless—a banquet for the worm!

Though 'gainst my kingdom—yea, my life—rebelled
thy hand and heart,
Yet still—oh, still, my Absalom! my son—my son
thou art!
Though Judah's peace was in thy death, and heav'n's
stern decree,
I would to God that I had died, my Absalom, for
thee!

Accursed be the heart of him who doomed his king
to mourn,
And blighted be the ruthless arm that smote my
fairest born!
That I must weep and wail for thee in secret and
alone—
Alas! for thee, my Absalom! alas! my son! my son!

"HE WAS A MAN OF SORROWS."

"He was a man of sorrows," and acquainted much
with grief,
Who died the death of shame to save all sinners—
even the chief;
The manger of a stable was the chamber of his birth,
The house of mourning was his home, and not the
halls of mirth.

The High Priest in the temple wears the raiment
wove of gold,
And princes in their palaces the purple robes enfold;
But Heav'n's High Priest was meanly clothed—even
He, the Prince of Peace,
Whose kingdom passeth not away—whose power
shall never cease!

O! often from his followers he sought to pray apart,
To God the Father with a warm, but heavy-laden heart!
And when beside the sepulchre where shrouded Lazarus slept,
With Mary, Martha, and with all—our Saviour Jesus wept!

He was exceeding sorrowful—yea, even unto death,
In the garden of Gethsemane, and with pain-broken faith;
When crowned with thorns, and spiteful used—nailed on the cursed tree,
He cried—"My God! my God!—O! why hast thou forsaken me!"

THE CAPTIVITY.

A HEBREW MELODY.

By Babylon's waters in bondage we wept,
All voiceless, our harps on the willows were hung;
And they who the captive in sorrowing kept,
Bade us sing the songs we in Zion had sung.
But how could the heart-throb of grief time to gladness,
While the ungodly hearkened with mockery and glee;
O! how could we harp, but with suffering and sadness,
As fondly, O Zion! we thought upon thee!

Though far carried captive—Jerusalem! still
Our hearts on thy lone-places hold their abode!
How long we, O Zion! for thy holy hill,
Ever bright with the presence and glory of God!
Yea—weeping and wasted by bondage—though never
The Lord lead us forth again, joyous and free;
May cunning depart from my right hand forever,
When my heart throbs, forgetful, O Zion! of thee!

A SACRED SONG.

THE Lord of hosts!—the King of kings!
Who made the worlds—the God of Heaven!
Above all earthly thoughts and things,
To Him be praise and glory given.
At rising morn and falling even,
At shining noon and shadowy night,
Your voices raise
In prayer and praise,
To Him on Zion's holy height!

But can the mouths of men express,
Fit praises for the Eternal ear?
Yea—if the theme be thankfulness,
The Lord will hearken and draw near.
The cry of holy faith and fear
In humble—earnest spirit given,
To Him will rise
Beyond the skies,
Sweet as the songs and harps of Heaven!

AVE MARIA!

THE PRAYER OF THE PILGRIMS.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

Ave Maria! audi nos!
Mother of Him who on Calvary's Cross,
With guiltless blood quenched the wrath of heaven,
That fallen man might be forgiven.
By the blessed fruit of thy virgin womb,
That triumphed over sin and the tomb—
Ave Maria! audi nos!

Ave Maria! audi nos!
Before thy Son's all saving cross!
We bow the head—we bend the knee,
And raise our voice and thoughts to thee!
Queen of Heaven! in thy bless'd abode,
Worshipped by Saints and love by God!
Ave Maria! audi nos!

Ave Maria! audi nos!
Mother of Him who died for us!
While prayer and praise at vesper hour,
Before thy pictured shrine we pour.
As the solemn shades of night draw nigh,
Hear us and plead for us on high!
Ave Maria! audi nos!

A FAREWELL TO THE HARP.

O! HUSH thee my Harp! and ere sunk to thy slumbers,
Thy last tones shall fall with my fond parting words;
For never again, to awake thy wild numbers,
The hands that resign thee shall come o'er thy chords.
And as they resign thee
With wild flowers they twine thee;
Though soon they may fade in neglect's chilling night.
And forgot as forsaken,
No morning may waken
Thy songs from their slumbers to glory and light!

O! oft when my heart felt the quick pulse of pleasure,
Or grief wrung its core, as this moment it wrings;
For the reveller's loud lay and the mourner's deep measure,
How fondly my fingers have stole o'er thy strings!

When the wine-bowl hath warmed me,
And Beauty hath charmed me,
A voice to each feeling thou well couldst impart;
But no more shall I borrow
In rapture, or sorrow,
Thy sweet tones of sympathy—Harp of my heart!

Though no leaves of laurel may shadow thy slumbers,
Though no trophied tomb press the bones of the bard;
Yet if Fame hath not—Friendship hath lauded thy numbers,
And the man—not the minstrel hath reapt the reward.
Then hushed be thy numbers,
And sound be thy slumbers,
For broke with my spirit, alas! is thy spell
Farewell!—and forever,
One sigh ere we sever—
One word to my Harp and my heart's peace—farewell!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 7.

Green bloom thy groves—sweet Seaton Vale !

Seaton Vale lies a little to the north of Aberdeen, at the end of the *auld town*, and on its southern side stands the beautiful cathedral church of St. Machar. The vale was a favourite and frequent haunt of the Author's in his "boyhood years," and is yet the haunt of many of his fondest thoughts.

Note 2, page 10.

Gif a' the fowk on Bogie's banks.

The Bogie is a small stream that runs by the village of Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, and gives the name of Strathbogie to that part of the county.

Note 3, page 20.

The But an the Ben.

A But an' Ben is a designation generally applied in the

country parts of Scotland, to a cottage, containing no more apartments than kitchen and parlour; the former is termed, "but the house," and the latter, "ben the house."

Note 4, page 22.

The Burn o' Ardoh.

The Burn o' Ardoh (which *en passant* I must remark is better known in the neighbourhood by the name of "the little water,") is a rivulet that partly separates the parishes of Monquhitter and Fyvie from Methlick, in the county of Aberdeen, and pays its tribute to the Ythan, about a quarter of a mile below the now tenantless remains of the House of Gicht, once the family mansion of the maternal ancestry of the late Lord Byron.

Note 5, page 30.

Were ye gudewife whare I'm gudeman.

Gudeman and gudewife, are appellations that appertain to the two heads of a farm family in the *north countrie;* and the oldest son and daughter are generally called the young man and young maiden of the place they inhabit.

Note 6, page 45.

Sweet stream that steals over the pebble and pearl!

I believe it is pretty well known in the North of Scotland,

(in Aberdeenshire at least) that the Ythan has been, in former days, famous for its pearl fishery—so much so, as to have obtained for itself the distinguishing designation of "the rich rig o' Scotland." I fear much, that now, it could not very convincingly substantiate its claim to that proud appellation, by its present produce of that beautiful and precious gem; yet the generally received notion that it was *once* well worthy of its fame and title, forms sufficiently sound foundation to rear the light fabric of poetic fancy upon. However, I have seen various of those jewels found in its channel of latter days, by more fortunate searchers than myself, but, for the most part tinged with a bluish shade, that renders them inferior in value to the oriental pearl.

Note 7, page 45.

Oft to pore on those parts, where, by shepherds 'tis said,
Watched by demons of darkness, Gicht's treasures are laid!

The tongue of tradition asserts, that, in a certain deep part of the Ythan, called the "Black Pot," great treasures were hid during the "troublesome times" as they are termed—and that the ponderous iron gate of Gicht was sunk above them, the better to secure them from those into whose hands it had been feared, they would have fallen.

The above vouched authority also affirms, that, at a subsequent period, a diver had the hardihood to dive to this dread depository of mysterious treasure, and that he beheld the "Auld Chiel," (*i. e.* the sable sovereign of the nether world) sitting on the sunken gate, as if a sentinel to guard

the water-buried wealth from the greedy grasp of any amphibious fortune-hunter. The curiosity, or covetousness of the adventurer, cost him his life—and some folks fear, *more* than his life—for, having persevered a third time to visit the bottom of the Pot, the fragments of torn flesh that floated to the surface of the troubled waters, told too well, to the awed but anxious by-standers, that the fool-hardy man, for the sake of worldly treasure, had closed in deadly conflict with the Enemy!

Note 8, page 46.

By Haddo the huge Rock of Horror to scale,
So noted and named by traditional tale.

The Rock of Horror abruptly juts out of the braes of (I believe) Middle Pleuch, anent the House of Gicht. There is a tod-hole or *anglice* fox-hole, of which I have heard some "wild and wondrous tales," that have made vulgar belief confer upon it its unamiable *cognomen*—one of them was of a poor piper, whose curiosity instigated him to penetrate its long dark labyrinths—but he literally crawled on all-fours to his grave, for he never returned to acquaint mankind of his adventures in this Cimmerian region. It was believed that he had advanced as far as beneath the bed of the Ythan, as his pipes were heard to play thereabout by the people overhead, and that they suddenly stopped; but whether the want *o' win'*, or other more violent cause spoiled his music, remains a mystery even unto this day.

For the information of my readers who are not from the farther side of the Tweed, I have to remark, that the Kelpie, who is mentioned in the line subsequent to the text of the above note, is a water-spirit, that, according to the creed of superstition in Scotland, frequents the fords, ferries, and narrow bridges towards midnight, to lure the unwary traveller from the stepping stones and safe shallows of the stream, to the depths of destruction, by imitating the voice of a person in distress, or drowning. I am not deep-read in the genealogy of devils, demons, bogles and brownies, &c. but, if my memory serves me right, I have been given to understand that he was brother to the

> ....." Chief of many throned Powers,
> " That led th' embattled Seraphim to war."

Though I cannot adduce scriptural proof for this odd hypothesis of my country-folks (who generally prefer sacred evidence in spiritual matters to any other.) They farther aver that the Mermaid stands in as close a link of consanguinity to his Satanic Majesty as the Kelpie, who, I have been told with the greatest gravity, is frequently to be heard at that part of the river beneath the Rock of Horror: but I confess that my ears were never acute enough, in any of my loneliest and latest rambles by the waters, to catch the cries of this ill-disposed spirit.

It may not be improper to remark, that *Ythan* is pronounced as if it were written *Ithan*. I have been induced to observe this, from having often heard it uttered in no very musical manner.

Note 9, page 52.

In bonnie Buchan thrive the nowte,
The crap o' corn in Gearie;
Thro' Marr the fir-trees straicht an' stout,
In forests deep an' drearie.

Buchan, Gearie, and Marr, the places alluded to in the above stanza, are certain portions of Aberdeenshire so denominated. The district of Buchan extends along the north and north-east parts of the country, and is accounted more of a cattle than corn country. Fair report adds to its superiority in cattle-breeding, the more amiable fame of being pre-eminent for "bonnie lassies." The Gearie, or Garioch, (I have spelt it here as it is pronounced by the natives and their neighbours) lies more to the westward, and has far the advantage over Buchan and the other districts in the growth of grain. As Poland is termed the granary of Europe, so the Gearie is deemed and designated the *meal-girnel* of Aberdeen. From the highlands of the country, down to the German Sea, runs the romantic region of Marr, chiefly famous in the article of produce, for its immense natural forests of fir. The Dee rushes through the wild and deep-wooded glens of Marr, and the Don through the more fertile haughs and vales of the Gearie; and an old saying, in allusion to the respective merits of the kindred waters—runs thus:—

"A fit o' Don's worth twa o' Dee,
Except it be for fish an' tree."

Note 10, page 57.

While cross'd with cruives the neighbouring Don,
Its sister stream wends slowly on.

Cruives are embankments made of rubble-stone, to prevent the Salmon getting farther up the river than fishing stations.

Note 11, page 57.

Oft have I near Balgownie's brig,
Pluck'd hawthorn spray and hazel sprig,

The brig o' Balgownie, or as it is now more commonly called, the *Brig o' Don*, is a gothic arch of great antiquity, and, in a very interesting and picturesque neighbourhood, bestrides the river from rock to rock, about half a mile above its junction with the German ocean. This is the same *brig* to which Lord Byron so fondly alludes in the 18th stanza, of the 10th canto of Don Juan, and, perhaps I may be pardoned for inserting here the line and the note annexed to it.

" The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's Brig's black wall."*

" * The brig of Don near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday—I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age :

" Brig of Balgownie, black's your wa',
" Wi' a wife's *ae son*, and a mear's *ae foal*
" Down ye shall fa' !"

There is a trifling inacuracy in the noble bard's quotation. As far as I can recollect, the walls of the *brig* rather wear the grey hue of age—but there is immediately above it a dark rocky creek—erect as any wall, very properly named the *Black neuk*. The dread prophecy runs thus:

" Brig o' Balgownie! wight's thy wa'
" Wi' a wife's ae son and a mear's ae foal
" Down shalt thou fa'!"

Note 12, page 57.

For shell and sea-weed near to Naig,
At ocean's ebb crawl'd o'er the craig.

The name of the place alluded to here is spelt Nigg, and it is not only *euphoniæ gratia* that I have written it as it is in the text, but also in accordance with provincial pronunciation. Nigg is the name of a parish on the sea-coast of Kincardineshire opposite to Aberdeen.

Note 13, page 70.

In yon secluded Hermitage,
Near by St. Machar's ancient aisle.

The Hermitage mentioned here is no fabric of poetic imagination—but of more substantial stuff,—brick, stone, timber, &c. and was built I believe by a late eccentric, but otherwise worthy character. It is pleasantly situate on a gentle eminence, partly overlooking the trees and shrubs with which it is embowered; and, from its octagon walls—sloping roof, and

the gilded crescent that gleams on its pinnacle, it rather wears an oriental aspect. The knowledge of what *assuredly* was the object of this sequestered mansion, I could never obtain; but I have heard it averred in my younger days by *older* folks than my associates, that any one who would consent to be confined in it for the space of seven years—totally excluded from the sight of a human form, and the sound of a human voice; and during the above period, not to shave, or cut the hairs of his head, or pare the nails of his fingers and toes, would have had this lonely dwelling with its lovely domains as a reward of his perseverance and patience from the proprietor—I know not if any one ever made the attempt; and it is more than likely, perhaps, that such an offer was never held forth.

Note 14, page 73.

O! gin I were whare Gadie rowes!

The Gadie is a pretty little stream that strays through the fair vales of the Gearie, in Aberdeenshire, and ere it commingles with the Don, assumes the name of Ury, which name it gives to the royal borough of Inverury, situated a little above the conflux of the two waters. There are two evidently artificial mounts on the banks of the Ury, called the Bass, to which there is an allusion made in an old prophecy that runs thus:

The Dee and the Don shall run in one,
The Tweed shall run to Tay;
And the bonnie water of Ury,
Shall bear the Bass away.

I believe the above lines (which I am not certain that I have correctly quoted) are said to be the inspired words of the gifted Scottish prophet, Thomas the Rhymer. The song that bears the title of the above line, is intended for an air to which there is a jacobite ditty attached, but of which I am in no farther possession than the chorus, as follows—

"O! gin I were whare Gadie rowes,
Whare Gadie rowes, whare Gadie rowes;
O! gin I were whare Gadie rowes,
By the fit o' Bennochie!"

Note 14, page 84.

The Camanachd,

Or Shinnie, or Shintie, as it is called in the Lowlands of Scotland, differs only from the game of foot-ball in England, in that, in the latter, the feet perform the functions of the Camans or clubs, adopted in the former.

Note 15, page 97.

All dreamless, and deep in the sepulchre slumbers
The bard on whose like we shall ne'er look again!

"He was a man—take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."
HAMLET.

Note 16, page 146.

Hogmanae

Is a term applied to the last night of the year; and throughout the Land o' Cakes, is a night "o' meikle mirth an' glee," as there, most of its merry folks "sit up and see the auld year out, and welcome in a 'blithe new year.'"

Note 17, page 149.

Strike up the Pibroch!—Donald Bane!

This line will perhaps recal to the minds of many, the stanza of a song written to the same air by Mr. James Hogg; but I trust the charge of plagiarism against me will extend no farther than the above single line.

Note 18, page 157.

But here, noble bud! have we planted and owned thee,
For banquet, not battle—for friends, and not foes;

The stanza from which the above lines are taken, were added to the song on the occasion of the formation of a Caledonian Club, under the name of the national emblem—The Thistle.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 21, line 7, for *phizes* read *fizzes.*
— 24, — 2, for *tangl'd* read *tangled.*
— 38, — 6, for *share both my* read *share my.*
— 77, — 7, for *these* read *those.*
— 118, — 6, for *eve so early* read *eve and early,*
— 130, — 6, for *woods were* read *woods wear.*
— 193, —10, for *mow'* read *mou.*

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